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Beauty and the Beast

Ancient Myths Interpreted by Edmund Dulac

MAIDS OF ATHENS AND THE MINOTAUR—

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" is not just a modern fairy tale; all ages had myths about this most curious of relationships, as the distinguished English artist, Edmund Dulac, reveals. For example, the legendary King Minos of Crete started something when he wouldn't sacrifice a white bull to Neptune. Because of this his wife, Queen Pasiphae, had a son who was half bull and half man. This was the famous Minotaur of legend, who was shut away in a maze of passages, or labyrinth under Minos' palace.

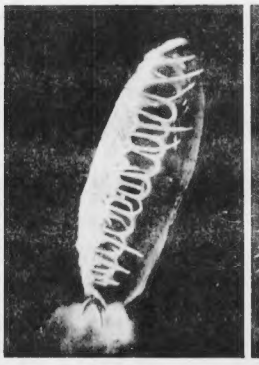
Every year fourteen maidens and youths, Athens' tribute to Crete, were made to wander through this endless maze of doors and corridors, only to fall prey to Minotaur's hungry jaws. He looks almost whimsical here, like the fairy tale beast, and one feels sorry for him. Theseus, a brave Athenian prince, is hiding here with a sword given by Minos' lovesick daughter. But she gained little, for Theseus abandoned her and sailed away with his lucky companions.

Camera Story of the Fly That Couldn't Resist the Venus Trap's Lure

The Fly Alights on the Sensitive Leaf of the Venus Trap, All Unaware That It Is Going to Its Doom.

As Soon as the Leaf Senses the Weight of the Fly, It Begins to Close and Make Him Captive.

The Leaf Curls Like a Flash Around the Body of the Victim, and a High-Speed Camera Catches the Action.



Now the Venus Trap Settles Down to the Enjoyment of Its Meal by Setting Its Digestive Juices to Work.

And After a Time, the Fly Has Been Digested and Only the Frame of the Insect Remains to Be Cast Off.

THE carnivorous little plant known as the Venus Fly Trap is one of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom. Growing in a mushy spot it is a colorful and innocent looking bit of vegetation, but it has much in common with the stalking spider and the prowling tiger, always ready for its prey and a deadly lither once a victim has saddened between its twin leaves.

Other pictures have been taken of the Venus Fly Trap but the series of photographs on this page are remarkable because they show the killer plant actually luring a fly into its deadly maw, trapping the unsuspecting insect and, hours later, opening to throw out the wasted carcass of the fly.

In the botany books the curious plant is called "Dionea Muscipula," and scholarly scientists have marveled, for years at the seeming intelligence of the plant.

When the Venus Fly-Trap is hungry it opens the halves of its bright blossom, which seldom grows more than six inches above the ground. Each half of the blossom has from a dozen to twenty fine tendrils. When the plant closes up, so rapidly that it takes a high-speed camera to catch the spring-like movement, these tendrils interlock in such a way as to form a cage from which not even the strongest insects can escape.

On the outside of each side of the working end of the plant are several fine strands, almost hair-like. It is when these are touched that the trap closes, as though an electric switch had been turned on.

In the center of the halves of the trap are tiny glands which exude an acid-like fluid, corresponding to the digestive juices in the system of a human being. Once a victim is caught these glands begin to work. The plant, hungry for blood and flesh, absorbs the edible parts of the insect and, when it has sucked the carcass dry, opens and casts out the luckless bug.

Experiments have indicated that the juice which the little glands pour on an insect act as an anesthetic as well as an aid to digestion and that the victim becomes unconscious about as soon as the jaws of the vegetable killer snap shut. Scientists have arrived at this conclusion because flies, mosquitoes and their relatives seem to quit struggling very soon after they have been caught.

It is seldom that a Venus Fly Trap makes the mistake of "biting off more than it can chew," but in laboratory tests when experimenters were feeding it by hand, several of the vegetable killers used bad judgment and took in so much food that they succumbed to indigestion.

Christmas Every Day for the Baby Chimp

Every Day at the London Zoo, Children Bring Toys to Jubilee, the Baby Chimpanzee, Whose Mother Shows Them Proudly to the Youngster and Teaches Her How to Play.

LONDON.

SOME people, when they go to this city's famous zoo to watch the amusing antics of Jubilee, the chimp which was born there some months ago, may feel sorry for the ape and wish her in the jungle instead of behind the bars of the monkey house. But their sympathy really isn't necessary for Jubilee never has been in the jungle, probably doesn't want to go there and gets along very nicely in captivity.

Every day is like Christmas for Jubilee, as the photograph at the left shows, because youngsters are always bringing presents to the monkey-faced daughter of Boo-Boo, the other chimpanzee seen in the picture and one of the best known members of her breed in any zoo.

Boo-Boo is a kind and efficient mother. She nursed Jubilee as named because she was born during the Silver Jubilee of the late King George V—and taught her how to get along with the keepers and with an admiring public. And when gifts come in for the youngsters as they do almost every day, the mother ape takes them, looks them over first and gives them to her baby only when she's satisfied that the toys are safe to be played with.

Jubilee enjoys playing with toys as much as any human youngster and shows as much intelligence as most every young member of what the scientists call "Homo Sapiens." In the photograph shown on this page, Boo-Boo is holding a whistle-covered mask and passing a rubber doll to her daughter. She doesn't seem to be quite sure that the fabulous face is a proper plaything for Jubilee but she has checked up on the doll—which squeaks when it is squeezed—and is handing the gift from an admirer to the little ape.

Jubilee is keenly interested in the gadget and in testily feeling of its face to find out, if possible, where the thin noise is coming from. Later in the day the young chimp took the toy all apart until she came upon the little bellows and whistle that made the plaything squeak.

It's a Good Trick if You Can Do It

William Elmlund, Eatonville, Washington, Woodsman, Finds It No Novelty to Shave Several Times a Week With the Keen Edge of His Axe—and Without Nicking His Skin, as the Photograph Shows

WHEN William Elmlund's whiskers need taking off in order to give his sunburned features a clean appearance, he doesn't shut himself in a tile bathroom, lather his face and go to work with a modern safety-razor, or even one of those straight razors that many men still use.

Mr. Elmlund is a woodsman and still works at his trade in Eatonville, Washington, and he long ago mastered the difficult trick of doing his shaving with the same heavy and efficient tool with which he cuts down trees—a double-edged lumberman's axe.

The photograph at the right is no pose made especially for the benefit of a cameraman and a gullible public. It is an unretouched and actually shows Mr. Elmlund in the act of removing the hirsute growth from his face. He doesn't often shave indoors, either, but hangs a broken piece of looking glass on the trunk of a tree outside his cabin, sets a bucket of cold spring water on a box, lathers his face and goes to work. And he gets as clean a shave as the next man.

There aren't a dozen men in the world who could do this trick unless they practiced it for years. To begin with the axe is heavy, weighing several pounds, and it takes a he-man to hold the tool by the handle close up to the thick blade for a long enough time to finish a shave. Then, too, a novice would cut his features to pieces until he mastered the business of holding the blade just so and moving it through the thick coating of suds.

Elmlund has both unusual strength and remarkable finesse. Once he has the axe honed to a razor edge he can even do a neat job under his nose and in the deep dimple in the middle of his chin.

Pretty "Quints" Test Giant Bed

THE Chicago Merchandise Mart, the world's biggest building, where everything from needles to locomotives is displayed and sold to visiting buyers from all over the world, brings showmanship into most of its exhibitions. Whenever possible—and that is most of the time—pretty and shapely young women are engaged to point up the advantages of commodities which a few years back, were handled unsensationally by "drummers" with dull sample books. Times have changed and when the officials of the Merchandise Mart are arranging a show for the makers of hardware, for example, they will glorify such practical adjuncts and aids as monkey-wrenches and screw-drivers with a "Miss Hardware" and a chorus of pretty girls dressed up to represent files and other prosaic instruments of the so-called Machine Age.

The photograph at the right was snapped during a recent display of furniture at the Chicago center of trade. The promoters of the show, prepared to entertain hundreds of buyers from every part of the country, wisely worked out a way to get a little publicity into the exhibit—a note of lighthearted fun which would not blind would-be purchasers to the virtues of the furniture and would put them in an appreciative and acquisitive frame of mind. Thus are five pairs of sister twins made to blossom in this advanced era.

The "quints" seen in the picture are five exceptionally good-looking young women, much older than those other quints up in Canada but not so old that they didn't attract plenty of attention as they posed fetchingly in one of the biggest beds ever made.

The visiting buyers, while studying the virtues of the luxury "mahine," didn't miss the oversize bed in all its details of construction and ornamentation. Nor did they miss any of the hundreds of other pieces of furniture in the show, despite the delightful touch of femininity in the persons

Of Course, These Pretty Girls Aren't Real Quintuplets, but They've Been Hired to Demonstrate the Roominess of a New, Wide-Beam Bed, on Display Recently During a Furniture Exhibition in Chicago. They Do Seem a Bit Crowded.

Trying to Save the Condor

UNCLE SAM is taking a keen interest in the giant California condor, a high-flying and wide-winged cousin of the South American vulture that is gradually finding it harder and harder to survive in the never-ending struggle for existence.

In the air, wheeling about mountain crags that are, at times, hidden in the clouds, the condor looks for all the world like a bombing plane so great is its wing spread and its skill at soaring and circling. Twenty years ago condors were a fairly common sight in the mountains of the West Coast but, today, about the only place where the birds are found in among the remote ranges of the Los Padres National Forest.

Back in the early days of the West when a carcass was worth more than the carcass of the animal there was plenty of food for the condors who, like the vultures, live chiefly on the flesh of large animals. They are not averse to carrion, and picked the bones of many an Indian and white settler during the days when the West was being opened up by intrepid pioneers.

In recent years the condors have not been able to find the carrion necessary to their existence and they have been gradually disappearing. If something isn't done, the bird, one of the biggest that flies, will go the way of the dodo, the passenger pigeon, the great auk and the heath hen.

The Forest Service is looking over the peaks and crags of the mountains in the Los Padres National Forest and picking proper nesting and roosting places for the condors—spots where there is plenty of room for the big fellows to hunt and raise families, and where they will be undisturbed by travelers who hunt, either with the gun or the camera. The big birds are high flyers

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Pretty Peggy, the Ambitious Hat Check Girl

Had Her Eyes on the $500,000 She Hoped She Could Make Violinist Rubinoff Give Her but One Surprise After Another Exploded That Dream

1.—Peggy's First Surprise Was When She Discovered That the Handsome Stranger Who Said He Was Rubinoff and Asked for Her 'Phone Number, Really Was the Popular Violinist. 2.—Invited to See His Etchings, She Says That When She Walked Into His Bedroom, She Was Startled to Find Something Entirely Different. 3.—But This Was Nothing to the Shock of Surprise She Testified She Received, When She Informed Dave She Was About to Become a Mother, and He Replied, "Aw, Forget It." 4.—Yet This Didn't Compare With the Next Surprise, When Suing Dave for $500,000 She Was Confronted by Evidence That Not Only Had She Been Previously Married, But So Had Her Present Husband. 5.—And the Last Surprise of All Was When Peggy Found the Case Abruptly Ended and Herself Behind the Bars on an Indictment Charging Bigamy.

HAT-CHECK girls in New York night clubs have had many strange things happen to them, but probably none ever had as many surprises packed in a short space of time as pretty Peggy Garcia, who recently sued the well-known violinist, David Rubinoff, for $500,000. Peggy charged Dave with breach of promise of marriage—but instead of getting any of the money, she found herself the most unpleasant surprise of all, camping merrily behind jail bars.

Every night at Harlem's Cotton Club, Peggy stood at her counter and checked silks, furs and other wonderful things. As her fingers affectionately fondled these, she quite naturally longed for some of them for herself. She knew that some of the women had got 'em by their finger gymnastics, while others got their lovely things by marrying rich men. But however they got them, few were as young and as pretty as Peggy knew herself to be.

A night club is a good place for an ambitious girl to start a romance with a wealthy man, and Peggy had heard of other girls from origins quite as humble as her own, who had met their future husbands in just such places as the Cotton Club. So night after night, Peggy presided over the check room and hoped for the one big change which would bring her all of the lovely things she wanted.

As Pauline Taylor, born in a mountain cabin near Roanoke, Virginia, she had not enjoyed many advantages, but she knew a lot about men, having been married when she was fourteen. Unfortunately, that marriage, to the driver of a "jitney" taxi, was not conspicuously successful. So Peggy had filed a divorce suit, and supposing that in time a decree would be granted as a mere matter of routine, she proceeded to forget about it.

Apparently, her first husband was of as little importance in her life as her original name, which she also discarded, borrowing the name of Garcia from the waiter she heard a good-looking man ask for a Garcia perfecto. The cigar maker didn't know and didn't care—and anyway Garcia was a much more romantic sounding than Taylor.

The big chance for which Peggy had been waiting came to her one night without warning. A man's face appeared at her hat-check window, looked her over, and broke into what she later described as "a great big beautiful smile." A bit accomplished socket hustler, pretty Miss Garcia melted fast, as several perceptive Cherokees in the know immediately.

"I'm Dave Rubinoff."

Of course everyone who had a radio, even in hot-baby districts, has heard of Rubinoff, the violinist. But this seemed to be too much of a good break, so Peggy, who was then twenty-three years old, and full of wisecracks herself, didn't want anybody to think he could kid her like that. So she answered right back.

"Sure, and I'm Greta Garbo."

"But I am Dave Rubinoff," insisted the fans with such alarming earnestness that Peggy started wondering.

After all, people sometimes do give their right names, even on a night club bet on a long chance. Peggy says she gave him her telephone number. And imagine her surprise when she discovered that he really was the popular violinist.

Mr. David Rubinoff, the Popular Violinist, Equipped for Repulsing Eddie Cantor During His Famous Feud—an Outfit He Frequently Lunged For, His Friends Say, in His Encounter With Peggy.

In such cases a woman's lasting appeal endures on the man's character. When love enters the picture, almost anything is possible, and Peggy had heard that millionaires often fell in love with little girls from the country and sometimes even married them. If only this big-shot fiddler would fall deeply enough in love with her to propose marriage, what could be sweeter and more profitable than to accept?

Rubinoff invited Peggy in lunch a few times at local restaurants and at his apartment, where it was quite natural for her to play the role of innocent maiden hard to win, and wonder just how crazy about her he really was. Once in his apartment, as she was sitting on Rubinoff's lap—so she afterward testified—he suddenly told her that he was the happiest man in the world, pinged up about his violin service and his check, and with her cringing to his arm walked around the room playing the wedding march.

A girl might take that tune as meaning serious intentions if so everything would be so simple. But other things indicated that Dave wasn't so simple. For instance, when they walked into one of Harlem's hot spots, the entertainer improvised a line in his song:

"This is the fourth blonde Dave brought in this week."

Peggy, hearing this was surprised that she wasn't the only girl in his life just then and brought up the subject of matrimony by asking if he was married. To this he replied, she testified:

"What would my lady public do if I married?"

These were not encouraging words, but she told the court later that he sent them with his "great, big, beautiful smile," as it might mean that he would marry the right girl and let the lady public mount make suicide. Finally, she said, he made a proposition in such plain terms that even a girl, playing such an innocent role as hers, could not pretend to misunderstand. She told him she was not that kind of a girl.

Instead of apologizing, she told the judge, he surprised her by exhibiting a whole photograph gallery of beauties, mostly grinning happily, and assured her that they had all said yes, in fact no woman ever said no, to the great Dave Rubinoff. She wondered what all that sad rogues' gallery had gotten out of it? So far she had collected only a small radio set, a $65 watch and a lot of beautiful smiles.

Pretty Peggy, All Smiles and Confidence, When She Was Telling Her Story in Court Before the Surprises Started.

Characteristic Expression of Peggy When the Surprises Began to Come Thick and Fast.

From Philadelphia he telephoned, she said, asking her to come and be the inspiration for his show there and she went. Then, according to her testimony, the following scene took place in his hotel apartment:

Rubinoff excused himself for a few minutes and then called from the next room for her to come in and see his etchings. Stepping in she did not notice any etchings but saw the violinist stretched on the bed, in lavender pajamas. He stretched out his arms, asking her to come to him. Peggy knew that it wasn't right to go to a man in lavender pajamas and told him so. But he pleaded and smiled and finally the voice with the smile won, so she says.

A little later she burst into a tempest of tears and a long emotional speech ending with:

"Oh, what have I done?"

The only adequate reply was:

"Darling, will you marry me?"

She paused to hear it, but imagine her pained surprise when, she said, he muttered sleepily:

"Aw, what's the difference?"

Peggy says she was so shocked she couldn't explain the difference. Next morning in came Dave's brother, Herman, with a glass of tomato juice, followed by brother Phil, without tomato juice but with his wife, and then came Rubinoff's secretary, Miss Bernie Stanger, with pad and pencil. They looked at her in a bored way, as if she was wasting somebody's valuable time, this all according to her testimony. After a quick, cheap and unromantic automat breakfast she says Rubinoff put her on a New York train, first promising to marry her when he got back to town.

Just once after he returned to New York did Rubinoff invite her to his apartment, she testified, and after that she couldn't even get him on the telephone. Lying in wait for him outside the apartment house she had just time to shout:

"I am expecting a baby!"

That assertion is supposed to stop any man in his tracks but Peggy told the judges she was astounded to see him hurry right on to his car as he called over his shoulder:

"Forget it. If you need any money let me know."

She had her lawyer let him know that she needed about $100,000. When that got no answer he said it again in the form of a breach of promise suit for that amount, later raising it to $500,000. Even the lawyer was surprised when the answer was only a general denial.

It took three years to come to trial and then came the big surprises. In order to tell how Rubinoff had done her wrong to the extent of half a million dollars' damages she had to admit that since then she had married a man who had cast her off when he heard about her past, fiddling around with Dave. Abraham Halprin, Dave's lawyer, then exploded the next big surprise when he shouted:

"The man she says she married was already married and has two children."

"I must say," gasped Peggy, "that's news to me."

But this was a mild shock compared to the surprise she got when the lawyer started his cross-examination. He asked her if it wasn't true that she had been a lawyer in Roanoke about getting a divorce from one Taylor Vance Guinn, a driver of a "jitney" taxi, and tense and white-faced, Peggy shot back to him:

"It was about something else somebody started, involving me."

In a panic Peggy told the judge she had an orphan cousin, who was also named Pauline Taylor, and that this cousin had married Guinn when she (Peggy) was only eleven. The cousin later vanished, and some years later, Peggy said, Guinn asked her to help him get a divorce. It was all so confusing, and not clear whether Peggy had meant she had posed as Guinn's wife so he could get the divorce or what, so the judge recessed the court to give everyone time to get to the bottom of Peggy's story.

Peggy and one of her lawyers, Bernard Sandler, rushed to Roanoke to get her father to help her, but here again both were sadly surprised, for the girl's father announced that Peggy and Guinn had been married when she was 14. The records bore this out, and, in addition, there was a record that Peggy had filed a divorce action against Guinn, but no record that the decree had ever been granted.

So Peggy changed her story and admitted that she had married Guinn, but said it was a "marriage in name only." Her lawyer announced that she had been taken by surprise in court and had made a slip because she wanted to protect Guinn.

While Peggy was in Virginia looking into her own past, two lawyers who said they had been hired to delve into the State's marriage laws came forward with a $250 bill and, not being able to collect it, got the sheriff in to get Peggy and her lawyer with a summons. But the lawyer got on his high whiskers and he and Peggy hopped on a New York train, one jump ahead of the sheriff.

Much disgusted Supreme Court Justice Cottle informed Mr. Halprin that he would entertain a motion to dismiss the case but Rubinoff wanted a chance to disprove all the things that had been said about him and so it was the plaintiff who moved to have her own $500,000 case thrown out.

More surprises exploded in quick succession. The judge ordered the records turned over to the District Attorney for possible abortion prosecution. Peggy's second husband, Michael La Rocca, announced that he would seek an annulment but forgot it when Miss Katherine La Rocca told the District Attorney that she was Michael's wife and had never been divorced from him. Michael and Peggy were indicted on bigamy charges, and possible charges of extortion still hang over Peggy's pretty but surprised head.

Peggy must have had dreams of a stage career—but nothing so undignified as burlesque, where they do the strip-tease act. Yet soon after she was released on bail she surprised herself by accepting an offer from a Brooklyn burlesque theatre. She was not going to have anything to do with the strip-tease part of the show—just a refined little act that might be "put on in a church." Then came the final surprise—the license commissioner clamped down a ban on her and wouldn't even let her do that.

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Dramatic Story In Pictures Of A Big Ship's Last Moments

At 7:15 in the Morning of the Fateful Day, the S. S. Eubee, Down by the Stern After the Crash, Heads Towards Her Doom.

Twenty Minutes Later, the Water Rises in the Ship, and the Engine Room Is Flooded.

In Five Minutes More, the Ship Develops a Sharp List, but Happily the Crew Had Been Taken Off.

MANY photographs of marine disasters have been snapped by sailors and passengers with luck enough to have cameras on hand and presence of mind to "stand by" and click the shutter when everyone on board is excited. But it is seldom that the passing of a big ship is recorded so graphically and dramatically as the sinking of the French steamer Eubee shown in the series of snapshots reproduced on this page.

The French ship was steaming along in the fog about ninety miles south of the city of Rio Grande, bound for Buenos Aires, Argentina. The British steamer Coimbra, on its way from Buenos Aires to Liverpool, crashed into the French boat, tearing a hole in its own bow but going to serious damage. The other steamer was mortally wounded and began immediately to settle at the stern.

Aboard the liner the stern was awash the tug Antonio Azambuja arrived on the scene and a passenger on the tug began snapping pictures of the doomed vessel. The second picture, the one in the center of the page at the top, was taken only twenty minutes after the first one. The engine and boiler rooms are flooded and the craft is listing slowly to starboard. Five minutes later it is evident that the Eubee is not going to stay afloat long. Her lifeboats have taken off the 178 passengers that were on her and the crew of forty-two men. The captain, true to the traditions of the sea, did not leave the ship until everybody was safely off and he could of saving his command. The survivors were brought to the tug.

At 7:45 o'clock, the Bow Lifts Out of Water, and the Funnel Vanishes Beneath the Surface.

The Final Plunge. The Keel of the Eubee Is About Vertical With Only a Few Feet of the Bow Showing.

Once the hull was filled with water the steamer went fast. Because her engines were well aft and the stern compartments of the vessel filled first, she went down "by the stern," as sailormen say, and did not, as some vessels do, sink bow-first.

Half an hour after the collision the top of the Eubee's single stack disappeared beneath the ocean with a great blowing and gurgling and the bow lifted sharply out of water. What little air remained in the hull rushed into the forward compartments and held the ship afloat for a minute or two. When this air was forced out of the forward compartments the stern settled straight down so that the boat was almost vertical. Then the bow slowly straight up and sank beneath the sea leaving only a few bits of floating wreckage and a puddle of oil.

There was no time to unload any cargo and few of the passengers were able to salvage their belongings before they were hustled into the lifeboats and rowed to the tug standing by. The skipper of the Antonio Azambuja proceeded cautiously with a greatly overcrowded small boat, but managed to bring the shipwrecked passengers and sailors safely into Rio Grande where, several days later, they were put aboard another vessel to complete their ill-fated voyage to Buenos Aires.

The pictures reproduced on this page are enlargements of little snapshots less than an inch square.

From Rags to Riches, But He's Still A Tramp

HUNDREDS of fiction stories have been written about that twist of the old Cinderella theme by which a tramp becomes wealthy and plays the gentleman for a change, usually with amusing and sometimes dramatic results. But when fortune smiled on Edward Merrill, a well-known London hobo, as it recently did when a relative of his died leaving him more than $10,000 in cash and some property besides, Mr. Merrill decided to be different. He is going right on being a tramp because he cares for no other life. Of a penniless wanderer and finds it a pleasant and interesting way to live.

For more than twenty years Eddie Merrill has been a familiar figure on the streets of the British capital and especially on the world-famous Thames Embankment which is the equivalent of New York's Riverside Drive. Good weather and bad he has spent the night on the Embankment, huddled in a seminude old overcoat that some kindly housewife gave him. Sometimes he curls up on the ground and covers himself up with newspapers, and, when the weather is too bad, he stretches out on a wooden bench, keeping an eye peeled for "bobbies" walking their beat.

Merrill still puts his nights in that way and wanders about the city in the daytime, doing as he pleases and having a fine time being a vagabond. "I've lived this way so long," he recently told a correspondent who hunted him up in a hole hungout down the river, "that I know I wouldn't be happy spending most of my time in a comfortable house or trying my hand at any kind of business. I haven't many more years to live anyway and I might as well spend it in a way that suits me. I suppose some people will suspect me of being daffy, but the hobo life makes a man so independent that I'm going to keep right on with it."

Mr. Merrill's only address is still "somewhere on the Thames Embankment," and the lawyer who is holding the money that unexpectedly came to him has no way of reaching his footloose and carefree client. Once a week Merrill drops into the lawyer's office and draws $10, which is just about the weekly interest on his "nest egg." On the day that he collects this money he splurges up a bit, as he puts it, but he is still a shabby-looking individual and no ornament to the attorney's comfortable professional quarters.

Merrill's wanderhating cronies think he's a fine fellow. He hasn't changed a bit since he fell into what seems a fortune to them and, as a matter of fact, he spends a good part of his modest allowance buying coffee and cigarettes for his pals of the Embankment.

Every time that the hobo drops in on his lawyer that gentleman tries to persuade his client to give up his mode of life but Mr. Merrill isn't interested.

Pretty Girls Representing the Various Electrical Appliances Which Have Removed the Drudgery from Household Chores. This Was a Hit at the Electrical Age Exposition.

Miss Loretta Brayot, as a Humanized Electric Fan in the Ballet of the Electrical Age, at Los Angeles, to Celebrate the Introduction of Boulder Dam's Power.

Dorothy Neff Emerges from the Line as an Attractive Electric Iron and Does a Solo Dance in Honor of the Housewife Who Makes Electricity Do a Great Deal of Her Work.

Ballet to Ballyhoo Luxuries of the Electrical Age

LOS ANGELES has seen many a fair and convention in which business and commerce strove to promote the sale of commercial products. But none of these exhibits was as cleverly and dramatically staged as the recent Electrical Age Exposition which helped celebrate the introduction of Boulder Dam's power to the California customer.

As the entertainers above and at the left drove the men who put on the show did a remarkable job considering that it was their routine job to hoist the sale of such familiar household conveniences as electric irons fans to cool the air of the office and the home, radio sets, electric clocks, cook stoves and other electrical appliances.

They weren't content to show these things in booths and cabinets, or even to set up large-size models of them to impress the dealers in such commodities and the ultimate consumers. They had the motion representations of their wares all tight, but they gave them theatrical accent, and even an appeal by putting them on a troupe of pretty girls, all of them good to look at and most of them profes-sional manikins.

One of the hits of the show was the electric fan girl. Her name is Loretta Brayot, and she is seen in the picture above and at the right. Miss Brayot, with black trousers fitting closely to her shapely legs, cavorted about the stage with a huge electric fan—which reached from her slim waist to well above the top of her head.

Another of the performers was jokingly referred to by spectators as "Miss Flatiron." Her measurers were was spirited than those of "Miss Electric Fan" and she moved gracefully from side to side in an attempt to simulate the motions of one of those shiny irons that don't have to be heated on the stove but just plugged into a wall socket.

Each of the pretty models in the exposition show was put in the spotlight and then, as a grand finale, all of them appeared together to demonstrate in a dramatic manner many of the conveniences that were once luxuries and which will now be even more popular necessities with the Los Angeles public with cheaper power coming from Boulder Dam, one of the largest projects of its kind ever undertaken.

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A Rebus From an Old Book of Puzzles. Answer:

Sweet are the roses that bloom by yon fountain,
And sweet are the rosehips that spangle the grove,
And sweet is the breeze that blows o'er the mountains,
But sweeter by far is the lad that I love.

I'll wear a gay and fresh blooming garland,
With lilies and roses,
And sweet, blooming posies,
To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.

May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel.

Now Figure It Out for Yourselves.

What Was the First Riddle?

Professor Taylor Studies Puzzles, Ancient and Modern, the World Over---And Here Are Some of the Best

DR. ARCHER TAYLOR, chairman of the department of Germanic Languages and Literature at the University of Chicago, is preparing a book on the history of riddles, and has been searching for the oldest one in existence. But this in itself has proved to be quite a riddle, which has not yet been solved. It may be the "munters" riddle, which he has found in various forms and has traced as far back as 1,200 years, or it may be the "Sphinx" riddle, which appears as early as 400 B. C. in the writings of the Greek poet, Euripides. Dr. Taylor has already collected and studied 150 books and manuscripts, written in 30 different languages, and with his permission some of the old riddles he found in them are printed on this page.

The Riddle That Drove Homer Insane.

According to an old legend the Greek poet Homer asked some fishers if they had any luck and they replied:

"What we hunted escaped.
What we did not hunt we bring back."

Homer is supposed to have worried over this until he lost his mind, but the answer is "fleas."

A Tenth Century German Riddle.

A bird flew without wings,
Sat on a tree without leaves.
There came a man without hands,
Climbed up without feet,
Cooked it without fire,
Ate it without a mouth.

Answer: A snowflake falls on a tree branch, and the sun comes out and melts it.

An Ancient Syriac Riddle.

A beautiful lady in a garden lived.
Her beauty was fair as the sun.
In one hour of her life she became a man's wife,
And she died before she was born.

Answer: Eve.

Negro Riddle.

Man what made it, don't use it.
Man what use it, don't know it.

Answer: A coffin.

Trick Riddles.

Dr. Taylor classes these as "trick" riddles because the answer turns out to be simpler than expected.

What is most like a cat looking out of a window?
Answer: A cat looking in at a window.

Why is a little man like a good book?
Answer: Because he's often looked over.

Why is hope like an old shoe?
Answer: Because it makes people easy.

Brothers and sisters have I none,
But this man's father is my father's son.
Answer: Myself.

Children, according to Dr. Taylor, are not easy to fool with trick riddles, because they pay no attention to the descriptive details, but go just to make it out, but go directly to the point. He has tried the famous St. Ives riddle (which dates back to Sixteenth Century England), and the "guess" riddle on scores of children, and they seldom fail to guess it right away.

As I went out to St. Ives,
I met seven men, and the seven men had seven wives,
And the seven wives had seven sacks,
And in those seven sacks were seven cats,
And every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, wives, men and men,
How many went up to St. Ives?

Answer: One, myself. I "met" the others, and they were going in the opposite direction.

What is neither flesh nor bone,
But has four fingers and a thumb?
Answer: A glove.

Riddles in the Sixteenth Century.

The parlor game of composing riddles reached a high point of popularity during the Sixteenth Century, particularly in Italy, where hostesses vied with each other to attract the cleverest riddle-makers to their fashionable "salons." Here are samples of the "literary" and "philosophic" riddles composed by the wits of that age:

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal-clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

Answer: An egg.

I haven't got it, and I don't want it, and I wouldn't have it. But if I had it I wouldn't take the whole world for it.

Answer: A bald head.

Two legs sitting on three legs,
With one leg in his lap.
In comes four legs,
Snatches one leg,
Two legs throws three legs at four legs,
To make four legs bring one leg back.

Answer: A man sits on a three-legged stool with a leg of mutton in his lap when a dog comes in, snatches the mutton and runs. The man throws the stool at the dog to make it bring back the mutton.

To whom can one most freely tell a secret?

Answer: To a liar, for he will not be believed when he repeats it.

What resembles death?

Answer: A woman. Like death she follows him who flees and flies from him who calls her.

Dr. Taylor says that during the Sixteenth Century, riddle-making became such a fad that it was almost impossible for anyone to speak a simple sentence without giving it a riddle twist. But most people did not have the patience and skill to match the conceptions of the celebrated wits and had to content themselves with simple questions and answers such as the following:

Why is a man in debt like a misty morning?

Answer: Because he is full of dues.

What is the best way to make a coat last?

Answer: By making the trousers and vest first.

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house?

Answer: Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

A Painting by the French Artist, Ingres, Showing Oedipus Answering the Sphinx Riddle. She Sat in a Mountain Pass, Killing All Travelers Who Didn't Have the Right Answer to---"What animal goes on four feet in the morning, two feet at noon, and three feet in the evening?" But Oedipus Replied: "Man, who creeps on hands and feet in infancy, walks erect on two feet when he grows up, and with the aid of a staff in old age."

The Graphic Riddle.

This is one of the best types, Dr. Taylor says, because it calls to mind a definite picture, but the answer is something entirely different.

It goes all the way round the house
And comes to the door.
But can't come in.

Answer: A path.

Goes through the field all day,
Sits under the bed at night,
And begs for bones.

Answer: Shoes.

A Very Old One.

This has many forms in various countries, appearing as a fable in Northern Africa, and once having been told at the Court of Charlemagne by Alcuin, a teacher from England.

How can a man take a goat, a wolf and a head of cabbage across a river in his boat which can hold only himself and one of the others?

Answer: He takes the goat across, then the wolf, brings back the goat and takes the cabbage, and finally goes back for the goat---thus the wolf has no chance to eat the goat, and the goat no chance to eat the cabbage.

On what day of the year do women talk least?

Answer: On the shortest day.

---From an old book of riddles.

What Relation Does the Soap-Bubble Bear to the Boy Who Makes It?
Answer: It Is His Heir (Air).

The Barking Dog Riddle.

A farmer named Fox wanted to kill his dog because it kept him awake by barking, but agreed to let it live if his wife could think up a riddle he could not answer. That night, while she was hidden in her favorite tree, trying to think up a riddle, the farmer came out and started digging a grave for the dog, convinced that his wife could not fool him. But the next morning she said:

"Riddle me, riddle me aright,
Where was I last night?
The wind did blow,
The sock did crow,
My heart did ache,
The limb did shake,
See what a hole the Fox did scrape."

The farmer couldn't think of the answer, so the dog lived to a ripe old age and the wife was happy, but the farmer, it's said, died of insomnia.

Faust's Riddle.

In Lessing's version of Faust, several devils offered the old philosopher youth in exchange for his soul, but he would not strike a bargain until one of them gave the right answer to this riddle:

What thing is the swiftest?

Answer: Thought.

What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight shoe?

Answer: One makes acorns---the other makes corns ache.

Why is a chicken crossing a road like a burglary?

Answer: Because it's a foul proceeding.

The Ancient "Numbers," or "Counting-out" Riddle

A WEALTHY Japanese farmer had fifteen children by his first wife and fifteen by his second wife, who wanted one of her children to inherit all his money. So she arranged the thirty children, as shown below, those in black robes being her children and those in white robes her step-children. Then she persuaded her husband to let her count them out, as in the old game of "Eeny - meeny - miny - mo," until only one remained, that one to be the sole heir. But she used an ancient nine-word verse, "F o u r n u m b e r s" aid and art, never will fame depart," and each time the tenth child was counted "out." Start with the black-robed figure carrying the banner, counting him one and go to the right (clockwise), eliminating every tenth child around and around, and it will be seen how the scheming woman succeeded in having one of her black-robed children remain as the sole heir. Dr. Taylor has found this verse in a number of languages---Josephus, the Jewish historian, is supposed to have used it in the early Christian era to "save himself and a friend, when a group of Jews decided to commit suicide, one by one, rather than be captured by the Romans; and another account says it was used by fifteen Christians to save themselves when they were in a storm at sea.

---From an old book of riddles.

When a Boy Falls, What Does He Fall Against?
Answer: Against His Will.

Modern Burlesque Riddle.

An Irishman to a Scotchman: If I had a dollar and you gave me half a dollar, what would I have?

Answer: Heart-failure.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty?

Answer: Because no one ever saw it before.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face?

Answer: Because it's the scenter (center).

What makes more noise than a pig in a sty?

Answer: T w o pigs!

What are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Scriptures?

Answer: The widow's "mite" and the "wicked flea."

Old Riddles Used to Test Suitors.

What is whiter than snow?

Answer: Daylight.

What is higher than God?

Answer: The crown on his head.

What forest has no leaves?

Answer: The pine forest.

What way has no dust?

Answer: The Milky Way.

A father gave this task to his daughter's suitor:

"Come clothed and unclothed, walking and not walking, in the road and not in the road, having eaten and not having eaten."

The suitor was about to give it up as a hopeless task, when the eager girl, who knew the answer, whispered:

"Wear a fishnet, walk with one foot in a cart, walk half in the road and half in the ditch, and bite into an onion."

Samson's Riddle.

Perhaps the most famous riddle in the Bible is the one that Samson asked at his wedding feast. He had killed a lion and later, discovering that bees had made a nest in the carcass, he took out honey and ate it. So at the wedding feast he bet the guests thirty sheets and thirty changes of garments that they could not answer this riddle within seven days:

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Unable to think of the answer the Philistines persuaded the bride to wheedle it from Samson, which she did, and when the time was up they were able to say to him:

"What is sweeter than honey? And what is stronger than a lion?"

That was Samson's first disillusioning experience with women, and he replied:

"If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle."

Riddles From Bahama Islands.

House full, kitchen full, yet can't get a thimble full.

Answer: Smoke.

Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
Prettiest little thing,
Ever you did see.

Answer: A watch.

Punning Riddle.

What is the difference between a drunk man and a dead man?

Answer: One carries his beer and the other the bier carries him.

The practice of basing riddles on puns is very ancient. One classic example tells that Epaminondas, the Greek, was warned by the oracle at Delphi to avoid Pelagos (sea). Afraid of losing his life, he would not go near ships nor water, but was finally killed in an oak forest called Pelagus. Another legend says a medieval English king was told by a fortune-teller that he would die in Jerusalem, and though he gave up his plan to join a Crusade to the Holy Land, he was killed at home in a church called Jerusalem.

The "Year" Riddle.

A tree with twelve branches, on each branch four nests, in each nest seven eggs and each egg has a name.

Answer: The year, the months, the weeks and the days.

This is a modern Finnish version of an ancient riddle. Dr. Taylor has also found among African savages, and has traced all the way back to the epic Sanskrit poem, "Mahabharata," which relates that "Uttanka saw women weaving a cloth with white and black threads (day and night), and a wheel with twelve spokes (months) turned by six boys (the seasons)---since it was then believed that the year had six seasons." Cleobulus, the Greek, who wrote riddles about 600 B. C., makes the year a father with twelve sons, and each son with sixty children, half of them black and half of them white (day and night). In a history of Aesop written before 1,000 A. D., the year is a large temple, with columns for the months and leaves for the days, and in the Arabian Nights it is a tree with twelve branches, each with thirty leaves that are half black and half white. A similar version is found in the "Shahnameh," or Persian "Book of Kings," written by Firdusi in 1401 A. D.

The Word Riddle.

Make three-fourths of a cross, then a circle complete.
Let two semicircles on a perpendicular meet,
Next add a triangle that stands on two feet,
Then two semicircles and a circle complete.

Answer: TOBACCO.

This type was popular with the early Greeks, but, of course, they did not use the word "tobacco."

Why is the second horse in a race like the main-mast of a ship?

Answer: Because he is next the foremost.

The Riddle That Fooled Dr. Taylor.

Mrs. Taylor, reading the morning paper: "Well, for heaven's sakes! It says here that you can't hang a man with a wooden leg in Louisiana."

Dr. Taylor: "Why is that?"

Mrs Taylor: "Silly, because you hang him with a rope."

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Strange Laws Of The World's Oddest Island

ANTICOSTI ISLAND in the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence River, is thought to be the oddest island in the world. It is perhaps a little larger than Porto Rico, or 140 miles long and 40 wide, with bold cliffs running up to 700 feet in height, a land containing more than 5,000 square miles. Not so many years ago the entire island was the property of the late Henri Menier, the French chocolate king. For thirty years it was his private hunting and fishing preserve.

Today it is owned by the Anticosti Corporation which has taken over the island, lock, stock and barrel. Americans soldiers go to Anticosti. And yet this island is not only a stupendous fish and game preserve, and a most fascinating social experiment, but it is also the biggest pulpwood development on the globe.

The laws in force at Anticosti today are almost the same as those made by Menier. It is a private corporation and everybody must conform to the corporation's rules. No one except its crew of employees can land without permission. No one can remain, or can lodge, feed or entertain anybody, report or export anything, have any guns, snares, nets or traps, hunt or fish, molest or capture any animal or bird, touch any nests or eggs, own any boat or undercart.

No alcohol is allowed nor any beverages stronger than 12 per cent. Anybody finding any mine, mineral, spring, wreck or anything washed up on shore must report it at once. Nobody can recover damages for any injury done by any wild animal. All motors must have silencers. All births, deaths and marriages must be reported, also all contagious diseases. All persons suffering from such are to be isolated; everybody must be vaccinated.

The strictest sanitary regulations as to dwellings, harbor and immigration are enforced. All imported animals are quarantined. No broken glass shall be thrown about. Without permission no woodsman can leave his job and go to work for another camp, if he does he will be paid off and deported. No fire shall be lighted outdoors without permission. If fires are discovered they must be extinguished, or if beyond control, immediately reported. Anybody lighting a fire and not extinguishing it will be deported. Adults and employers are strictly responsible for the acts of their children, wards or employes.

Probably the strangest of all laws is this one: The possession or introduction of any dog, of no matter what species is formally prohibited, dogs having been recognized as essentially harmful to the island, to persons as well as to wild and domestic animals. Such, in brief, are the conditions and laws of this strange country. Timber cruising continues the year around. In Winter, on snowshoes and with cruising equipment only, hardy men trek out to assess, record and plan.

The one outstanding fear at Anticosti is fire. Every possible safeguard is installed to protect it. Even at the little hamlet of Port Menier, established by the chocolate king, and where his château stands today, every chimney, big and little, is equipped with a wire-netting spark arrester and every roof is sheathed with metal.

Some appalling stories of shipwreck and misery are recorded in early history of Anticosti. More than 150 wrecks are known to have occurred while the unknown must at least equal this number. Just now Anticosti is cut off from the world. From the time navigation closes on the St. Lawrence in December until it opens in the Spring cables and wireless bring the only news of the great outside. They are entirely self-contained for six months. No ships call. At Port Menier and at various caches six to eight months stocks of foodstuffs, hardware, spare parts for machinery and the like are carried.

Anticosti is famous for another thing. It was the scene of the most amazing instances of cannibalism that ever took place in the New World. On May 8, 1829, Captain Basile Gassout, who hailed from the far Magdalen Islands, dropped anchor at Anticosti in his little sealing schooner. He saw a boat on the shore and two huts. There he learned from a log-book that on November 1828, the ship Granicus was driven ashore at the eastern end of the island in a terrific gale and became a total loss.

Captain Gassout and his men first found a woman's silk dress and some clothes from small children all stained with blood. When finally they opened the door to one of the huts they stepped aghast. On the floor were many human hearts, while hanging were the dismembered trunks of six corpses. Heads had been chopped off, also the arms and legs.

The sailors could see that strips of flesh, seven or eight inches square, had been cut from the thighs. These early investigators found a fireplace crudely built of rough stones where there were dead coals and two large iron pots above them. Half filled with frozen water these pots contained human legs and arms showing marks as if they had been gnawed by teeth. On the floor they found wooden sea chests filled with salt and buried in this were human flesh pieces preserved for the future.

In another hut they found the murderer and cannibal. He was a great figure, square-framed, heavily bearded, lying on a sea-hammock apparently sleeping. On the floor was a log axe, blood-stained and a dish full of what must have been a soup. Captain Gassout soon discovered that the giant had died perhaps from an attack of acute indigestion from gorging on raw flesh without other food. It could have been only a few days since he had been feasting on his shipmates.

In Another Hut They Found the Murderer, a Huge Figure, Heavily Bearded, Lying in a Sea Hammock, Apparently Asleep. Chests on the Floor Were Packed With Preserved Flesh.

Perils To Health In Careless Dishwashing

A GLASS which has rested upside down on a tray is filled with sparkling water, and a waiter smilingly presents it. With such a smile guests were deceived when the Borgias served their poisoned goblets. Even the waiter does not suspect what science now knows, that there are at least 50,000 disease-producing bacteria on the rim of that glass.

This startling revelation by a recent official bulletin from Washington is based on scientific tests by Jarvis G. Cumming, M. D., and N. E. Young of the District of Columbia Department of Health; and these tests also suggested ways of prevention.

It was found that when a drinking glass is inverted to drain after being washed the moisture running off becomes a miniature aquarming sea on which invisible bacteria crawl from tray to glass. These bacteria have no exclusive home; they are like nomads, always jumping at the chance to travel. As soon as lips are pressed to the cold glass, this tiny organism hop into the warm mouth. They are likely to be influenza, pneumonia and tuberculosis germs, as well as germs of the common cold.

Once transferred, they do their worst to infect the entire body with their particular disease; they joyously enter the garden of the blood and multiply there like rabbits. This is all the more unexpected because today there is no need to fear faucet water. Science has made it possible for water to run pure out of a million pipes, control of the source has reduced bacteria in water supply by 99 per cent. The same has been done for milk.

When a Waiter Smilingly Presents a Glass of Water, the Customer Frequently Might Well Regard Him as One of the Borgias, Who Smilingly and Festively Poisoned Their Guests Long Ago.

These cleaning and disinfecting operations have, the authors point out, done wonders in the way of life-saving. Typhoid infection now occurs only one-tenth as often as it did before water was scientifically treated. Actual deaths from typhoid are only five per cent of what they were, and this is a saving of 100,000 lives a year. The elaborate sanitary precautions now observed have also protected people from epidemics of cholera from Asia. In the same way they account for much of the 70 per cent decline in child deaths, a social economy of 200,000 lives a year.

But all the scientific care of water and milk supplies is neatly canceled by that little twist of the wrist which turns a glass upside down on a shelf or tray. Too often, especially in times of epidemics, all the earlier care doesn't mean a thing because the milk and water are not protected up to the moment of actual intake. Now science proposes to guarantee that protection.

It would not be so bad if the glass being set wrong side up were the only carelessness to watch against. Actually, in a hundred ways, disease-smears cling to cutlery and dishes and glassware unless the greatest possible care is taken against the injurious "invisible ink."

It is not enough to wash a dish or spoon under running water; this gets rid of only 60 per cent of the contamination. Out of 150,000 germs left there by the last mouth, rinsing leaves 60,000 of them in great the next user.

Why is this danger ever-present? It is because man is man's worst enemy. The last customer, the waiter, the waitress, or the cook—all may look healthy enough. But pneumonia, for instance, is carried by 50 per cent of all healthy persons, this number is immune to the disease but able to transfer it to others. They are like disease factories, distributing infection everywhere.

There is the famous case of "Typhoid Mary," who by merely following her business as a cook managed to hang up an official record of causing 31 typhoid cases and three deaths before she was tracked down. Although she is renowned as America's first identified "carrier" of typhoid bacilli, she was only one member of the vast army of walking pestilence which with poisonous hands go about their daily tasks.

These anonymous "carriers" of diseases are death's dupes, for how can one run screaming from robust friends or strangers who seem to have nothing the matter with them? Not all disease carriers can be shut away like "Typhoid Mary" because there would scarcely be anybody left to run the world, so numerous are the diseases which plague mankind.

The way to stop the harm men do one another in leaving things infected is not to jail them but to sterilize their food utensils. According to the bulletin, previous surveys have shown that disinfected eating utensils are 80 per cent safer against influenza than utensils that are only washed.

There are many reasons why mutual protection from disease is not yet efficient, and the authors listed some of these as a help to proprietors and housewives. The soapy wash water in which utensils are washed is not changed often enough. Some persons do not even rinse dishes after washing them in the stagnant soap water. When they do rinse it is often not in running water. When dishes are washed by hand, no effort is usually made to disinfect by either heat or chemical methods.

Then, too, drying is often done with a dirty towel. Even a towel that appears to be clean should not be used day after day, for germs are invisible and do not betray themselves to the eye. Towels are, however, a valuable method of cleaning, provided the utensils have been disinfected enough. If the micro-organisms are first reduced 98 to 99 per cent, there is no reason why towels should not be used for drying.

Finally, little care is taken of utensils after they are washed. As has been described, even after cleansing they are often placed inverted on a dry wiped tray, so that the normal 2,000 germs are reinforced by 50,000 more.

If utensils are hand washed, the bulletin finds, they should at once be placed in a disinfecting basin containing either water of at least 170 degrees Fahrenheit or a solution of hypochlorite. It is, however, important that the dish or glass or cutlery be left in the disinfectant long enough, because more than a brief dip is needed to kill all the bacteria. Then the articles should be rinsed in a tank of slow running water and dried with a clean towel.

The mechanical dish washers found in some restaurants, it appears, do not mean the customer is necessarily safe when these are used. Often they are carelessly run, and while no dirt may be visible on the dishes as they come out, each dish may still carry a load of up to 100,000 bacteria.

All these conclusions were arrived at after 37 restaurants in the capital city co-operated in developing a technique for the washing of utensils and for enforcement of the standard. Field inspectors were sent out, and in each restaurant they tested ten spoons, ten plates, ten glasses, and a sample of soapy dish-water.

Dr. Cumming suggests fines for cases when the soapy wash water contains more than 50,000 organisms per cubic centimeter, unless enough disinfection follows the use of this wash water. The fines would be necessary, because proprietors are not eager to protect the public at such great trouble to themselves.

As a result, the proposal is not expected to be enforced overnight. In fact, according to the bulletin, a complete control cannot be set up in less than one hundred years. But one must not be discouraged by the length of time required, nor neglect the beginning because the end is not yet in sight.

Worms In Half-Cooked Pork Baffling Medical Men

THERE'S gospel truth in the Biblical assertion that swine are unclean, but medical science proved this only in the last century, when it discovered that deadly flesh-worms dwell in so-called measly pork. Now science wants to spread the same teaching, for the dread trichinosis has become more common than people suppose.

A recent survey reveals that a fourth of San Francisco's citizens are unwilling victims to the living parasite that infests under-cooked pork. Yet Dr. James McNaught and Dr. Eugene Anderson report in the Journal of the American Medical Association that this frequency is typical of all American communities. The study also shows that although many persons have pork infection when they die, not one is born with it.

It is picked up by chance, but there is no chance for losing it, as no cure is known. Yet it is often fatal, or remains a persistent source of illness. Thus the saying, "prevention is the best cure," is literally true of pork pollution, which only proper cooking ends completely.

This precaution must be taken because there is no practical method of meat inspection which detects pork according to Drs. McNaught and Anderson. Every fifth fresh pork sausage from the best markets in San Francisco was found to contain living worms. Therefore the user of pork must protect himself in the only sure way by cooking all pork thoroughly. It is not enough to cook the meat lightly or have it smoked or salted. Raw pork, once popular in Germany, taught a deadly lesson by causing repeated epidemics there.

The trichina worm does its work in a curious way. Once the meat is swallowed, each curled female worm begins to breed thousands of little ones—so little that for weeks not even a microscope can reveal them. They work through the intestinal wall into the blood or lymph fluid and after a month or so settle in the voluntary muscles, causing inflammation.

Their irritating presence, even when not fatal, may give rise to painful colic, fever and fainting spells, followed by years of stiffness and muscular pains. Mild cases result in what people commonly suppose to be "nervous" stomach and "rheumatic" and "joint" pains. In fatal cases the worms have completely shut themselves into hard little lime capsules in which they stay until their host dies.

To get at the worms, a strange method was used in the San Francisco survey. The doctors obtained large samples of muscle from 200 dead bodies. These samples they ground to a powder and digested in artificial gastric juice until the worm larvae, which resist digestion, could be counted. They varied in number from less than 20 in most cases to 3,800 in one case per 5g. gm. of trichinosis diaphragm.

In 48 of the 200 human diaphragms or breathing-muscles there were live worms. It was found that the older a person is, the more danger there is of infection from underdone pork. No one under twenty-five years of age had trichinosis, and only half as many individuals between the ages of twenty-five and forty had it as had those above forty. Whereas age was a determining factor, sex was found to be none; there was no significantly greater proportion of worms, either in number or presence, in either sex. The worms were found to prefer the voluntary muscles; that is, the muscles that can be moved at will, such as the breathing-muscles, rather than automatic muscles like those of the heart.

"Pigs is pigs," and the savory meat of them must be well-cooked, for, in the words of Mosck, "The swine, though he divide the hoof, and be cloven-footed, yet he cheweth not the cud; he is unclean to you."

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"Scariest" Scarecrow Now A Mere Noise

THE harm done by birds to fruit trees and crops from Spring to Autumn is enormous. The Hungarian farmer is poor and he suffers greatly from the damage done by the little birds which one hardly likes to regard as enemies. The ordinary old-fashioned scarecrow, wearing a jaunty bowler or once-glossy top-hat and a smart but tattered twenty-year-old coat, proves ineffective against them. Such a figure may scare little children, but it certainly does not frighten away the wily crows that know that it is not so dangerous as it looks. The intelligent Hungarian crows have grown wise to scarecrows and have found out that they neither move nor scream, and are therefore harmless. The daredevils among the birds pick the grain from under the impressive but helpless scarecrow's very nose and alight to rest on the top of the formidable silk hat, and even the shy ones among them venture to within a few yards of it. So it became evident that the old-fashioned scarecrow's day was done. Modern birds had to be outwitted in a different way. Some new method in the age-old fight against the birds had to be discovered.

The Hungarian Government called upon inventors to devise a new and efficacious scarecrow. Various models were submitted, among which some were too fantastic, but others proved practicable.

One of the new methods was to hoist the carcass of a cat, dog, wolf, or other arch-enemy of the birds on a pole in the field that is in need of protection. Birds are afraid of the swinging figure of the dreaded animal and they are also frightened away by the unpleasant odor of the carcass. However, the wise birds soon realize that the animal is not dangerous because its only movement is to swing in the wind. It is silent, and birds seem to know that animals likely to harm them are wont to utter frightening sounds. As for the unpleasant smell, the birds grow accustomed to it more easily than the men who find it unbearable after a few days. So this method proved to be a failure.

Another method suggested was that of placing windrattles at different points of the field. The aggravating noise made by them does frighten crows away. But in calm weather the rattles do not work, and the crows feast cheerfully.

One of the Scarecrows Was a Combination of Clothing and Bullets, Scary and Effective, the Machine Gun Automatically Firing Rounds Into the Crow Flocks at Regular Intervals.

Another suggestion was to set up an artificial bird, an eagle or a hawk, worked by a small clockwork motor. This would move not only in the wind but also in calm weather, because the motor causes it to fly in circles around the pole upon which it is set. This proved to be a clever stunt, but it proved impracticable. The motion of the artificial bird of prey was too regular, and the clockwork had to be wound up too often.

Experts at last discovered that it was not the figures that scared away the birds, but loud noises. Some models submitted tried to imitate the method of the citizen in Hamburg, Germany, who, when rats became too numerous in his cellar, had the most frightening noises of his cat recorded on a phonograph disc and played it all night. The rats, hearing the cat mewing vigorously all night, dared not creep out of their holes.

Several models were based on this method. The inventors advised the installation of loudspeakers at various points in the fields, operated with a phonograph operated in the house. These played records registering the voices of cats, stoats, weasels or wolves. It was soon discovered, however, that it was necessary to mix and vary the voices of several animals, otherwise the astute birds, growing accustomed to the same sounds, found out that they were harmless and did not mind them any longer. The sound had to be made increasingly loud until it rivalled the roar of jungle beasts. The shrill, loud voices of various wild animals judiciously mixed mixed succeeded in scaring away the crows, but they also made life miserable for the men laboring in the fields. Besides this method would also have been too expensive and complicated to operate. Another suggestion submitted was to erect a network of wires charged with electricity over the fields to be protected from bird damage. This was tried out, too. At first high-power electricity was used, but this was considered too dangerous. Then it was found that low-power electricity sufficed to kill birds. This method proved to be fairly good, but it is rather expensive, too, and it also endangered the workers in the fields.

A farmer submitted a method which he used in his own small field. He covered an area with close-woven wire netting, with such small holes in it that no birds could get through. This is a cheap method of protecting the crops, but it is only practicable on small plots. Another inventor offered his automatic machine gun which fired rounds of blank cartridges at stated intervals.

The most favored of all the methods of bird defense submitted to the Ministry was an elaborate electrical contraption operated by photo cells. This makes a fearful noise when a bird alights within fifty yards. An apparatus furnished with hyper-sensitive photo cells, is placed in the four corners of the field that is to be protected from birds. Electric current circulates between the four points. No matter how small a creature whose shadow falls upon the photo cells, the electric current is actuated by this slight disturbance, and a circuit is completed with the result that a siren starts to howl. The machine is constructed so that the voice uttered is not always the same, but varies. The sudden blood-curdling shriek sounded by a harmless-looking machine in the distance has invariably a very scaring effect on birds of all kinds. This photo-cell apparatus proved to be the most successful of all the inventions submitted.

Rev. Mr. Fain's Wicked Evening Off

Murders a Seventeen-Year-Old Girl and a Newly-Wed Man, Tries to Elope With His Victim's Widow and Takes His Own Daughter to See Him Kill Her Fiance, but Changes His Mind

Beulah Evans, the Girl Whom the Reverend Mr. Fain Had Loved, but Murdered.

Loren O'Dell, Also Killed by "Preacher" Fain, and His Widow, With Whom He Tried to Elope After the Shooting.

The Reverend Mr. Fain Leaped From the Automobile. "Sing," He Cried. "Sing again, 'We Will Understand It Better Bye and Bye.'" Then, Brandishing His Pistol and Himself Singing, He Dragged Beulah From the Car, While the Terrified Occupants Intoned the Chorus, and a Few Seconds Later He Had Killed Her.

The Reverend Mr. Fain in His Cell After His Conviction and Sentence to Life Imprisonment.

The Little Church in Fisk, Mo., Where the Reverend Mr. Fain Preached to His Trusting Flock.

BEFORE being an ordained minister of the Christian Church, the Reverend William C. Fain, of Fisk, Missouri, was a deputy sheriff, which made him two kinds of a professional good man, paid to uphold the laws of both God and man. At the age of fifty-two he became tired of this double goodness and took an evening off, on which he committed two murders, set out to commit a third and tried to hope with the young widow who had just seen him kill her husband of only six months.

The Rev. Mr. Percy Eugene Griffin, of Adams, Michigan, took a holiday from being good, to try the hard at being a sinner and help-up man. Rev. Ben Woolsey, of La Mars, Iowa, for recreation, used to cut hooks, and a two-manhound a personal and gambling device a county town. Chief of Police Reginald Howell, of Royalton, Ill., seems at home to uncover crimes of interest from to commit a perfect one himself. But for sheer bloodthirsty wickedness, the benevolent minister and sheriff's deputy of Fisk seemed many all to an short evening. The story, once out:

Fisky, also in the permanently population:

Preaching in Fisk, which has only 250 inhabitants to be saved, was not very profitable. Even when Fain put in occasional windfalls in the way of deputy's fees, it was not enough to support his family of seven children, seven of them still too young to support themselves, as a third line, he operated a sawmill. If he was fond of being good, he said nothing but saved most until February 1936 when the hard-scarring mother of his seven children died. Then Rev. Fain, as he was commonly known, then had to cut someone in a hurry to take his sadly place, running his house and minding all the children.

It seemed to the Rev. Mr. Fain an act of providence that just at this moment the foster parents of Beulah Evans, a seventeen-year-old orphan, should ask Rev. Fain's spiritual help in saving too many boy friends. It also seemed that way to the homeless girl when he said to her: "Come to me and work for your soul."

The minister took the girl, who would still be in high school had there been any high school available to in all the work of his dead wife. For this she received her bed and board, $2.00 a week and cigarettes.

Very soon, she had an extra job fastened on her.

Preacher Fain was still an unusually affectionate man and lost little time in transferring the love that had belonged to the worn-out woman now in the cemetery to this fresh young girl. For a while he made Beulah believe that she was in love with him, too. Of course, he wages of sin can be paid in a mother's house, so her pay remained at $2.00 a week and cigarettes.

Rev. Fain knows not only his bible but his shakespeare, also wrote the famous warning that "whatsoever sow shall ye surely reap together." In the hope of preventing this from proving true in their case, the fifty-two-year-old man, made the seventeen-year-old girl promise with him by bible-lick, each agreed not to be untrue to the other. Also she was not to have any dates whatsoever.

It was not long before Beulah tired of her grandfatherly lover, and the second minister found she was occasionally breaking that contract by seeing younger men. There was a long and dreadful scene in which he preached at her so terrifyingly that she told him she was going to leave. At this he became more alarming than ever, threatening to kill her if she ever tried it.

Beulah seems to have known from the start that this was no idle threat, but she could never make anyone else quite believe it. She continued to take chances, meeting men on the outside, and finally found one who offered a reasonable hope of getting her away from the minister without being killed. Buddy Affolder, a mechanic of Pontiac, Michigan, made irregular trips with a bus line. Southern Missouri and agreed to give her free transportation to Pontiac on his next trip. In the meanwhile he would get her some sort of a job there.

But on that next trip business was extra good, every seat was sold to a cash customer, forcing Beulah to wait for the following one. Affolder had not supposed it would matter much, but the girl began to tremble, as she told him that, relying on his plan, she had already taken her clothes out of the house and the minister by this time knew she was trying to escape.

"He'll kill me if he finds me. What shall I do?"

Affolder did not believe that the Rev. Mr. Fain would really hurt the girl, much less kill her. But to remove her temptation he induced his friends Mr. and Mrs. Loren O'Dell, to shelter her in their home until he could collect her with his bus. The O'Dells, a young couple only married six months, were share-cropping in the vicinity, but some distance from Fisk.

When the Rev. Fain found that his young ex-sinner had escaped his jealous fury began to mount and his mind to turn to wicked thoughts. His older and divorced daughter, Mrs. Myrtle Wallace, was in town, about to be married to Clayton Wells. Her father forbade the marriage, ordering her to stay in his home and take care of it for him. So great was the fear this man inspired that she obeyed, but, like Beulah, looked for a chance to escape and, of course, she was no answer to the problem of his runaway love.

He dropped his church work entirely, happened not to have any sheriff jobs, and even neglected his sawmill to brood and hunt for Beulah. On the evening of October 13 he saw her, sitting with the O'Dells, in a little restaurant at Fisk.

"He's found me!" gasped the girl.

"That's all right," the O'Dells whispered, "just speak pleasantly to him. He won't make a scene in a public place like this."

Sure enough, his bloodshot eye ran over the little party of three, but he nodded pleasantly enough as he made his way toward their table.

"Hello, Preacher," various voices called to him carelessly. In a friendly manner he invited the O'Dells and their guest to go with him to the school house where a "box party" was going on and there would be some good public speaking. Mr. O'Dell started to explain why they must decline his kind invitation, but stopped in the middle of it. The minister had pushed the nose of an automatic pistol out of his pocket in such a way that only the three at the table could see it. Then he repeated in a low tone:

"I said, we will get into my car outside. We will go to the party and the speaking."

The O'Dells and Beulah looked at the gun and up into his eyes. Then silently they arose and went out ahead of him. The O'Dells were relieved to see that in the car were Mrs. Wallace and the preacher's eight-year-old boy, Charles Fain. A man with murder in his heart would surely not take his daughter and little boy along. Only Beulah seems to have known that these things meant nothing with this man and that she was doomed.

The preacher made her sit in the front seat with him while the others crowded into the back, as he drove toward the school house. But after a while, with the curt announcement that they would not go to the party, he turned off on the lonely "Bottom Road." Mrs. O'Dell was about to ask what he was going to do when the minister himself broke the anxious silence by commanding in his most authoritative pulpit voice:

"We will now all sing. You will all join me in singing that fine old hymn, 'We Will Understand It Better Bye and Bye.'"

The Rev. Fain sang in a loud and fervent voice, occasionally looking around to see why they were not joining him. At such times they did so, or, at least, hummed the tune. It was most unpleasant, but, after all, the man was a minister of the Gospel, in a religious frame of mind and, though he might be in a drunken and whimsical mood, surely he would not use that gun to break the most important of the Ten Commandments.

Thus reasoned the O'Dells, believing that everything would be all right if they continued to humor him. But apparently Beulah and his daughter knew better. The car but not the singing came to an abrupt stop, about two miles south of Fisk. Turning to the trembling girl beside him the minister said:

"You've done me dirty—darned dirty."

The Reverend Mr. Fain leaped from the automobile. There was a moment's silence, and then the minister cried, "Sing again 'We Will Understand It Better Bye and Bye.'" And brandishing his pistol and himself singing he dragged Beulah from the car.

"I want to talk to you alone," he said after a moment.

"I don't want to talk," she begged pitifully. But O'Dell spoke up soothingly:

"Go ahead and humor him. If anything happens I will come and help you."

The girl hesitated and then, in a resigned voice, said to the two women:

"Kiss me. I'll never see you again."

The two women bent forward and kissed her. As she did so Mrs. O'Dell felt the girl slip something into her hand, but it was dark and she forgot it in what followed. Later she found it was a slip of paper on which the girl had written, "Mrs. Ralph Affolder." Nobody knows why because there is no Mrs. Affolder. Now they heard the minister's booming voice receding toward Fisk.

"You've done me dirty. You left my home. I have seven motherless children to care for and you would not stay after all I've done for you."

Somehow at this moment even the O'Dells realized that tragedy was coming. The two women got out and hurried on ahead of the car. O'Dell, remembering his promise, went toward Beulah, and little Charles manfully followed.

Suddenly a pistol shot sounded and Beulah's cry:

"Oh! Murder!"

Then they heard O'Dell shout:

"What are you. . ?"

Another shot silenced that voice, but it didn't stop little Charles getting into it. He saw his father bend over Beulah, kiss her and say:

"I love you. I love you as much."

Then, arising and placing the gun close to her head, he fired twice more. With his son tugging at his elbow and pleading: "Please don't hurt them any more," the minister sent another bullet into O'Dell's body. Then, making sure that both were done for, he led Charles back to the car. They both got in and soon overtook the fleeing women.

"Get in!" ordered the murderer, and such was their fear of him that they obeyed without asking a question, nor did Mrs. O'Dell dare hesitate when he invited her to sit with him. Turning the car around he returned to the scene of the killing, stopped and pointing to the two bodies, boasted:

"I did a good job of it, but if you tell I'll kill you all."

As he started the car toward Fisk, the murderer imparted another bit of information, over his shoulder, to Mrs. Wallace in the back:

"The next thing to do is kill Clayton Wells. I don't want you to marry him. I want you to stay at home and take care of my children."

Then, turning to the woman beside him, he explained that he would probably have to leave the country and asked her to elope with him. Mrs. O'Dell could hardly believe her ears that this minister-murderer was making love to her, but the woman in the back was in even worse predicament. She was on her way to see her father murder her fiance.

Fortunately this did not happen. By the time they reached Clayton Wells' house, Rev. Mr. Fain had begun to worry about his own precious skin. Instead of shooting Wells, he told what he had done and asked his advice. Wells persuaded the man to give himself up to the sheriff. At Poplar Bluff, he stated to the officers:

"I treated that girl right. I loved her and I feel justified in killing her."

But at the trial he blamed it all on O'Dell who, he said, killed Beulah before he could interfere. Then he had wrested the gun from him and killed O'Dell in self defense — a fantastic story that no one believed.

Meanwhile Mrs. Wallace had married Wells and with Charles vanished. Her Mrs. O'Dell did not run away and the jury went 11 to 1 for capital punishment. Finally they compromised at life imprisonment and to prevent the usual parole after 15 years, added, "without parole."

This, as the judge knew in passing sentence of life imprisonment, means nothing because the parole board will do as it pleases. While their father is living at the State's expense, so are six of his children.

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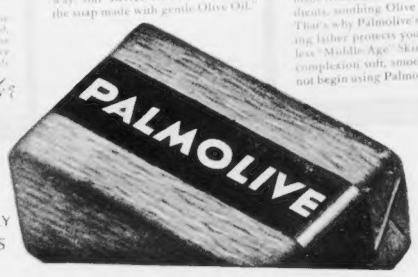


TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY
USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

The First American Girl

Miss United States of 20,000 Years Ago Dug Up in Minnesota With Her Comb, Knife and Vanity Bag and the Archeologists Unveil a Prehistoric Mystery in True Scientific Detective Fashion

THE recent discovery of the earliest American girl, who 20,000 years ago paid for some moral or physical misstep with her life, has excited the scientific world and upset all their calculations about prehistoric American tribes. But what most interested anthropologists was the mystery of how this fifteen-year-old girl died. Near her skeleton, uncovered by accident during sand-patching in western Minnesota, lay a bone dagger, and a nick in her shoulder bone made it look like murder.

Nearby were fragments of her turtle's shell "purse," but nothing like money. This suggested robbery as a motive for murder; yet none of her jewelry was taken, although she wore many gee-gaws. It was plain, however, that very like her modern sister, the glacial-age girl loved trinkets and ornaments. She was the first flapper. Nature even "bobbed" her hair.

The thought of this to us unlovely and even imbecile-looking creature trying to pretty herself up must strike many as pathetic, but it must be remembered that different notions of beauty prevailed 20,000 years ago. A modern school girl would, in the glacial age, probably have inspired nothing but pity.

As the appearance of the first American "beauty" has been scientifically reconstructed from photographs by Wm. Brown McNett, of the school of medicine, Temple University, in Philadelphia, she would have been slim and delicate for her time, with parted lips to show off her regular teeth. Her trim figure had little muscular development, which is surprising, considering the icy age in which she lived and hard time she must have had to keep alive.

Her slimness is indicated by bones which are unusually long and thin compared with those of living aboriginals like the Eskimo. This is the more unexpected because she had such well-developed jaw muscles. But the explanation may be that, in the true feminine manner, she used her jaw muscles the most. Perhaps women have already learned that the tongue is their strongest weapon when it comes to a fight. It seems odd to find that such a primitive creature led a sedentary life; perhaps in that far-off age women had already learned to make the men do the hard work.

Because of her peculiar personal "charm," which may have caused the prehistoric boys to whack each other's heads off for her favor, anarchists at first believed that the girl was killed by a soldier or an unhappy lover. Perhaps like the age in which she lived her heart was of ice, so that in revenge her swain took her for a canoe ride from which she could not walk back.

The scholars weighed the murder theory for some time, and found none to encourage it. An inspiration was the position in which she was found. Asleep on a rural highway, caused by weathering, led to the discovery of her bones. The "dust ball," as these highway upheavals are called, made researchers a thorough drainage examination and revealed that, buried a number of the highway crew called the attention of the rest to what looked like human bones, buried eleven feet below the surface. No deep fix so ordinary grave.

In fact, the bones never had a grave. The skeleton was resting on the left shoulder and at such an angle that the head was lower than the feet. The lake deposits in which it was found were naturally soft enough to admit earth movement to account for the queer position of the body.

The bones of the girl were fossilized by ground minerals replacing the original structure in every detail. Bone itself would not have lasted that long, but nature is the best embalmer—it gives eternal life to the frailest bones of the dead.

The men who found the skeleton were not anthropologists, but they knew that they had chanced on an important discovery, so they carefully dug up the bones and then notified the authorities. Thus it happened that 20,000 years after the event, a "coroner's jury" made up of men of science, deliberated over the death of this girl.

Now the oldest American murder mystery has been solved. The verdict, just published by Prof. A. E. Jenks, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Minnesota, comes in the shape of a 200-page book recently published, which concludes that the cause of death was accidental.

What first misled the scientists was now explained. It happened that in spite of all the care that was taken in the workmen dug up the bones chipped a shoulder blade with his shovel. The dent in the bone was never made by the dagger laboratory tests revealed, because it was too recent. Hence the bone weapon is now judged to have been her own and not a murderer's. It was found where it could reasonably have long from her girdle when she died.

Apparently the girl, whom university graduates of the University of Minnesota have fondly dubbed "Ice Age Minnie," was drowned either by falling through the ice, or by tumbling out of some other kind of canoe. She paddled out in those days. This would explain why she was discovered in an ancient lake bed, her position not to struggle rather than buried. Since her legs were found slightly flexed as if she had been trying to get to the surface once more when her heart failed it quits.

Professor Jenks filled the book naming the facts of the skeleton, "Pleistocene Man in Minnesota." The girl, who was formally known as Minnesota Man, and this is so because each ancient skeleton is regarded as representative of "mankind" in its particular period. But Minnesota's first American dame justifies her mannish title in another sense.

This ancient "lady of the lake" was the kind of girl who paddled her own canoe and Mr. McNett's scientific reconstruction of her frailness on this page reveals their strength. The earliest American go-getting girl has all the earmarks, or, rather, the skeleton marks, of having been able to take care of herself in a scrap with some glacial bear or gorilla of a husband.

Like that of the modern girl, her body's thinness is misleading, and even though she measured only about five-feet-two, the little maiden had no lack of determination and sense. Despite her childish age, which scientists determined by her tooth and bone development, not brain size is regarded by scientists as little short of remarkable. Yet one was only about six times as tall as the dagger she bore. That crude implement, made of a section of elk's antler, is estimated to have been about five inches long, although the point is broken off and has not been found. A hole through the handle enabled it to be lanyard from the body by a thong.

Although she went, about almost around in the tears she also burdened herself with many trinkets and magic charms, largest of them the conch shell which Professor Jenks believes once hung from her girdle or belt. The curious "vanity case" or "purse" she also seems to have carried was nothing but a turtle's shell. Pieces of the paraphace were found in a later digging of her resting place, as were various items which the purse probably contained.

Just like the pocketbook of the modern girl, this one was filled with all sorts of skeleton objects. There were "just such things as primitive persons treasure and carry about with them because of their supposed magical value," says the report. A wolf's tooth, a lion's leg bone, a bird's foot and a rodent's hoof were among the things which "may have been part of a 'medicine' kit carried in the turtle-shell container," according to Professor Jenks.

Regarded as still more important is the conch shell which, it is thought, hung from the girl's girdle as a "pubic apron" or symbol of virtue. The fact that a sea shell such as this could be found in almost the middle of the North American continent is most curious. All other matter found near the spot was identified as belonging to that region in the past, but the shell comes a great distance, and is most often found on the Gulf Coast of Florida.

Since the girl sported it, there must have been settlements throughout the land all the way down to the Gulf of Mexico, and probably down the Mississippi Valley, and trade relations must already have existed over long distances. Very likely the shell was a rare and expensive present from somebody in her tribe who wanted to please her feminine soul with "imported" jewelry. There was also a clam shell, crushed by digging, but which when rebuilt by the scientists looked as if it served as the ornament of a headdress. If this is true, it was the first comb ever known to be used by an American woman.

From the animal amulets she kept, one may gather that the girl was not alone in the wilderness. In those days, shaggy, one-humped camels used to roam about her, and tiny ponies, no bigger than dogs, scampered over land just freed from the ice fields, kicking up clouds of dust with their dainty hooves. In those days, mankind was heatial and the beasts were refined. Except the mammoth, an extinct elephant, which she had to dodge now and then, and which her tribe hunted.

But the ice-camels and ponies, and probably the mammoths vanished, perhaps emigrating by way of the same hand-bridge over which the first American girl or her Mongolian ancestors came. Professor Jenks's conclusions as to her origin are that "during Wisconsin glacial time a land bridge connected the two continents of Asia and North America. This bridge had sufficient vegetation to support herbivorous game animals migrating to America."

Pursuing the game, small groups of Asiatics made their way over the land bridge to America. They were the first pioneers of the American frontier, and below what is now Canada they found a happy hunting ground. The Minnesota land then had some ice-tree portions, and its climate, vegetation and wild life made living almost a luxury instead of a terror.

America was even then a Utopia for foreigners, but what was more significant, it was already a "melting pot." Successive waves of immigrants of various strains caused the Minnesota woman to have mixed characteristics. Since some of her ancestors had "white" or Australoid traits, "a Mongoloid wash of dominant features" does not hide the fact that she had a long skull and dainty tribe.

Apparently some of the people of her time went North and became Eskimos, and others went South to become American Indians. That is why Indians differ so much among themselves in bone structure; they have all kinds of ancestors. But the Minnesota Man looks more like the Eskimo because she lived in the same kind of icy world.

Professor Jenks points out that up to now many scientists believed that Americans were a recent people. Just as America was lately discovered in modern history, so was it slow in being populated by aboriginals. But now it turns out not to be as late as was thought. Louis Agassiz, the Swiss-American who started the "Ice Age" theory just a century ago, has had the bed of a great glacial lake in Minnesota named after him. The lake is 18,000 years old, and the skeleton was found just below it in glacial Lake Pelican, which came 2,000 years earlier.

So enthused were the scholars by this "find" that they made three separate diggings of the site, each time sifting more carefully and finding more marvels to reward them. Then, with the typical patience of science, they went to work to analyze this "gold mine" of information, so that it was some time before the final report, now released, was ready. Now at last science has checked every problem and only now proclaims its discovery. It has real proof that Americans existed at least 20,000 years ago.

The head of the girl, which was drawn especially for The American Weekly, is a half-size, scientific reconstruction by one of the foremost authorities in this field, William Brown McNett. Mr. McNett is director of the department of medical art in the School of Medicine of Temple University, Philadelphia. Before coming to Temple, he was associated with Johns Hopkins University Medical School.

The department of medical art, of which Mr. McNett is the director, trains artists to do pictorial and surgical illustration. There are many medical objects which cannot be shown properly by photography, and for this trained "medical artists" are necessary. They study anatomy and dissection with the medical students, and are as familiar with muscles and tissues as a real surgeon, if not more so, for everything must be accurately shown.

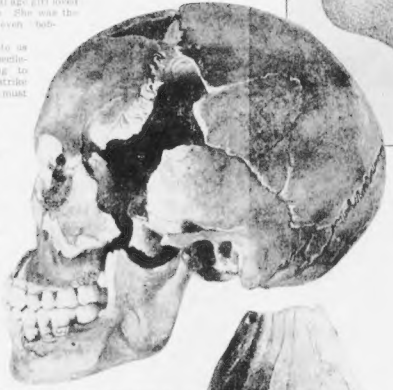
Mr. McNett, the foremost man in the country on this work, and in addition a noted anthropologist, was called from Johns Hopkins to Temple as the outstanding man when this course was added a few years ago.

The "blurred copy" of the modern American girl she is that this land was peopled long before the last ice sheet retreated to clear the way. The pioneers did not wait for an easy path but fought their way through all kinds of hardships, and their goal seemed worth it, for they remained.

But science still does not know the exact circumstances of Minnesota Man's death. Perhaps, like little Eva of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she was at the time fleeing across the ice, but with a pack of baying wolves instead of hounds at her heels. Whether she slipped, or tried to escape a fate worse than death, nobody knows. She was drowned, and perhaps her lover went a-hunting for her, singing sadly, "I've-lost-me, eyes of blue, has anybody seen my gal?"

Scientific Reconstruction of the Head of the Prehistoric Minnesota Maiden, From Photographs of Her Skull by William Brown McNett, Director of the Dept. of Medical Art, School of Medicine, Temple University, Philadelphia. Mr. McNett is the Foremost Expert in America on Such Reconstructions.

How the 20,000-Year-Old First American Girl Probably Looked in Her Then Stylish Furs and Ornaments, and Beside Her Florence Heller, Well Known Model, Regarded as the Typical Up-to-Date American Girl—Illustrating the Marvelous Transformation During the Centuries.



Side of the Ancient Girl's Head Showing the Prognathous, or Protruding Jaw Structure.

The Knife Which she Carried Made Out of Deer Antler and Which Was About One-Sixth of Her Own Height.

Part of the Conch Shell From Florida, Which She Wore Either Around Her Neck or Attached to Her Girdle.

One of the Mammoths, the Now Extinct Elephants, Which Roamed About in Her Vicinity With Single-Humped Camels and Horses Little Bigger Than Dogs.

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STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS WELDED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REINFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
STEEL REAR END BRACING
OUTER AND INNER STEEL DOOR PANEL WELDED TOGETHER
STEEL FLOOR WELDED INTEGRAL WITH BODY
STEEL ROCKER PANELS
STEEL CROSS MEMBERS
BODY by FISHER
GENERAL MOTORS

NO DOUBT *why they call the 1937 Chevrolet—"the complete car, completely new." Just add its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher to all the other fine things you've ever heard about it—such as its flashing performance, valve-in-head engine, hydraulic brakes, Fisher No Draft Ventilation. No other car at the price offers all these.*

. . . and you'll get greater safety in the bargain!

LUCKY indeed are the parents of today—especially lucky when the time now comes to select a new car.

Let them look for more safety—and they'll find it. Let them set their hearts, too, on a lot of fine luxuries.

That's no longer expecting too much—not since Fisher *glorified* the steel body!

For the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher sweeps aside all the "ifs" and "ands" of the conventional steel bodies . . . and puts luxurious comfort on a par with safety, and *greater safety* at that!

Have you heard how this Unisteel Body is constructed? It's all one *solid steel unit* . . . with each steel area fused to every other . . . and with all its steel panels ingeniously insulated against cold, heat and noise.

You don't have to be an engineer to see why such unified solidity makes this new kind of steel body more weave-proof, shock-proof and silent.

And if you want to see what was done to make it more luxuriously comfortable—just look inside this body.

You'll look through a door that's conveniently larger into an interior that's obviously roomier. And you'll see an array of the finest fittings and upholstery for which Fisher designers have ever been acclaimed.

That ought to make the selection of your next car a fairly simple matter. For all of these great improvements are to be found only in the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher—available *only* on General Motors cars.

Only BODY by FISHER has all these Safety and Comfort Features:

1. Improved visibility, front and rear
2. Streamline style—roominess for greater comfort
3. Safticseal floor—protects against exhaust fumes
4. Improved No Draft Ventilation with Safety Plate Glass all around
5. Giant luggage compartments "flowed" integral with body
6. Wider seats and larger door openings
7. Turret Top for extra safety and durability
8. New two-way adjustable front seat
9. Fisher interior styling—upholstery and fittings
10. Unisteel construction throughout—with all the steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise

THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY *Fisher*

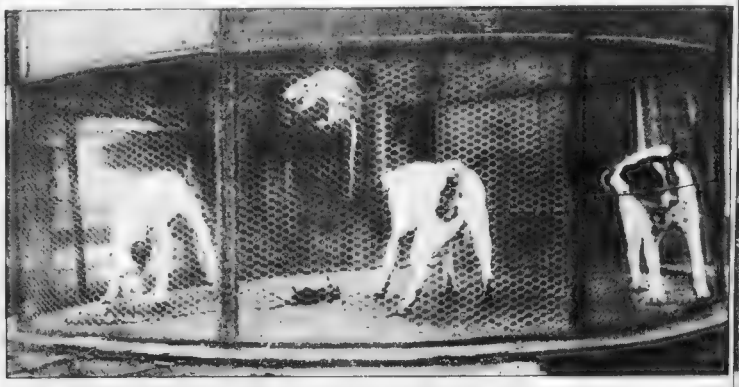
ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK* • LA SALLE • CADILLAC*

Boss—$80,000 in awards. Enroll in 1937 Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild Competition, at nearest General Motors Dealer or write Fisher Body, Detroit.

*On the most popular models

R M B P A P

Meat Shortage Abroad May Solve the Problem of Getting Rid of the Rat Hordes---But Horse Meat Still Leads the List, With Cats and Dogs a Little Behind



R

MILLIONS THRILLED BY MODERNIZED TOOTH POWDER

PEPSODENT POWDER alone contains IRIUM, amazing new scientific answer to dull, dingy teeth!

USE PEPSODENT POWDER!

it alone contains IRIUM—for thrilling luster on teeth!

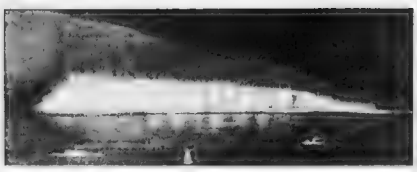
LOOK FOR PEPSODENT'S DISPLAY

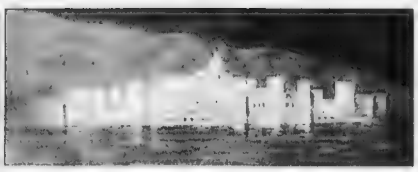
at your favorite drug counter! Leading retailers are featuring Pepsodent Tooth Powder containing IRIUM in both 25c and 50c sizes.

M P C M A W

Science Weighs the Startling Theory That False Images of Airports, Lakes or Mountain Passes Explain Mysterious Accidents

Artist's Diagram Showing How Modern Aeroplanes With Latest Mechanical [illegible] Have Crashed Into a Mountainside. How a Mirage Caused the Pilot to Steer Down. He Is [illegible] Mountain Pass. An Crashed Into an [illegible] Coast While Attempting [illegible]





Unblushing Confessions of a F…

Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen… Frankness How She Made Her … Favors and Then Foolishly T… and Jewels as Fast as Sh…

Spanish Gipsy Woman Cooking the Dinner Over Hot Coals Beside the Road Where the Caravan Halts for the Night

Mme. Caroline Otero in What Was Considered a Daring Costume at the Time of Her Stage Conquests.

Spanish Gipsy Wedding Celebration at the Home of the Chief of the Tribe

A Startling Statue in Seville, Where Otero's Mother Was Kidnaped by an Adorer. It Represents Love, Stabbed to the Heart and Gasping a Dying Appeal. It Is Dedicated to the Poet Becquer in Santa Luisa Park

CHAPTER I

By CAROLINE OTERO

[illegible] Rights Reserved

A NEGLECTED child wild almost to savagery, I ran away at a very early age from a [illegible]

[illegible]

… to him, when I said good night to him and crept away in tears to cry myself to sleep.

When I awoke next morning, wondering whether it [illegible] all been a nightmare [illegible] went [illegible] out what [illegible]

[illegible]

… responsible for [illegible] wrong.

Now, I [illegible]

[illegible]

"G D "

, Reveals With Astonishing Rich Lovers Pay for Her ssed Away Her Money e Acquired Them

Busy Street in Lisbon Where Otero Found Herself Bewildered After Running Away From Home

(Continued on Page 11)

There's Always the Window by Edward D. Dickinson

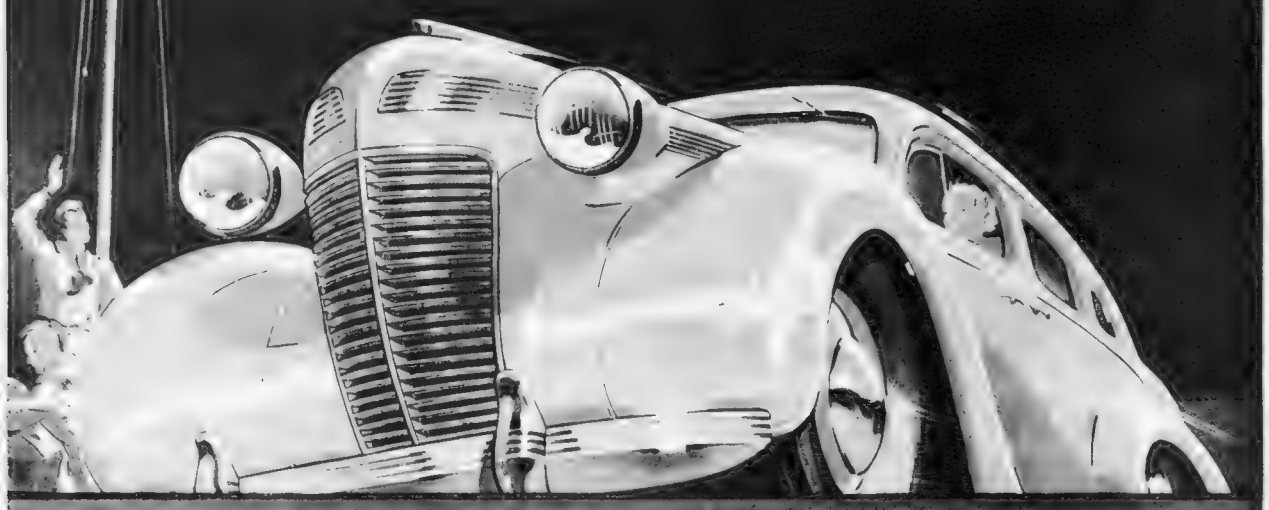
An Amusing Story of an Artist in Love.

Complete in This Issue.

A

A

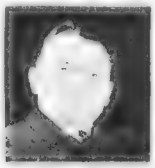
MOST TALKED ABOUT CAR IN AMERICA!



NEW CHRYSLER ROYAL ...WHICH INVADES THE LOW PRICED FIELD!

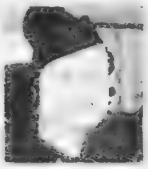
THEY TALK ABOUT ITS GASOLINE ECONOMY!

THEY TALK ABOUT ITS LOW UPKEEP!



THEY TALK ABOUT ITS ROOM!

THEY TALK ABOUT ITS SMOOTH & SILENT RIDE



NEW LOW DELIVERED PRICES! TIME PAYMENTS TO FIT YOUR PURSE ON OFFICIAL COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY PLAN ☆ CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . TEN BODY TYPES CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . SIX BODY TYPES. ☆ CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . SEDAN AND SEDAN-LIMOUSINE. ☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW . . . TWO BODY TYPES

Does your City

Train Drivers?

[illegible] 1926 Steering reduced motor vehicle deaths 23 per cent and non-fatal accidents [illegible] National Safety Council. In 1926 [illegible] had a little more than [illegible] the number killed [illegible]

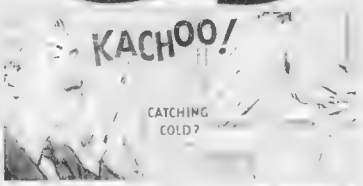
[illegible] 1926 Steering [illegible] more and [illegible] Metropolitan [illegible] Bureau [illegible] Safety [illegible]

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SAFETY MOVEMENT

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

[illegible]

DR. EDWARDS
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



BE SENSIBLE

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

Smith Bros. Cough Drops [illegible] VITAMIN A

Refreshment time- after school

It's the refreshing thirst-quencher! Coca-Cola is pure and wholesome! Delicious pure refreshment!

After school there's a pause...when work ends and play begins. At bright, inviting soda fountains this welcome pause becomes the still more welcome *pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Are You Enjoying *all* the Benefits of Resinol?

Resinol

FILLS BASEBOARD CRACKS

PLASTIC WOOD

SHOULDER HURT? do this

ABSORBINE JR.

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

PERTUSSIN

COUGH RELIEF

Common Sense Chimney Sweeps Get a Good Look at the Man Leaving the Office Safe. He Was Shot Slowly Henry Fowler and Were a Dollar

CHAPTER IV

THAT BIRD DOESN'T KNOW SANI-FLUSH

NOW'S THE TIME TO CLEAN OUT YOUR RADIATOR

Sani-Flush

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

DOUBLE SAVING For Wearers of FALSE TEETH

(Continued on Page

DON'T Put A Price on Your Child's Health

PRACTICALLY

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

THE WINNERS OF THE FIRST PRIZES IN DR. DAFOE AND DIONNE QUIN PICTURE NAMING CONTEST

Sponsored by the Makers of QUAKER AND MOTHER'S OATS

THE PRIZE WINNERS

MRS. JOHN BRIESTLE 4232

MRS. DAVID GUNN R. R. 2

MRS. I. H. TERRY 3625

MRS. BESSIE BOEHM 326

MISS ALMA BEIER 4 2

TODAY OUR HEALTHY DIONNE QUINS HAD QUAKER OATS

Sensational

SPRING SWITCH PARADE!

LEARN WHY MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE ARE SWITCHING TO DODGE DEALERS *to Save Money!*

Dodge Dealers of America Stage

COUNTRY-WIDE SPRING SHOWING

DODGE AND PLYMOUTH PASSENGER CARS—DODGE TRUCKS—DEPENDABLE USED CARS AND USED TRUCKS

DODGE

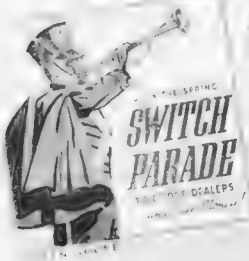
PLYMOUTH

Exciting Spring Colors

DODGE TRUCKS

DODGE ½ TON STAKE

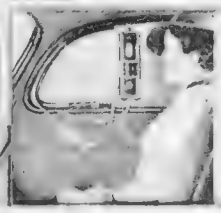
NEW 1942 DODGE ½ TON PANEL



SWITCH PARADE

BLUE SEAL USED CARS

NEW, EASY WAY



Free

ECONOMY TEST

Switch to **DODGE** *and Save Money!*

Mercolized Wax
Gives You a New
COMPLEXION

WONDERFUL for BEAUTY

LOOK WHAT HAPPENED

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

FALSE TEETH

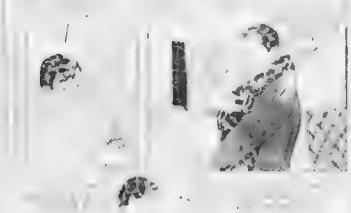
INGROWN NAIL

QUICK SAFE RELIEF!

Dr. Scholl's ZONIXOL

LIP-YOUTH

GET BACK IN THE Health Parade



Tests show Lifebuoy 20% milder

stops 'B.O.'

There's Always the Window An Amusing Story of an Artist in Love. *By Edward D. Dickinson*

Lauritz Melchior says:

"I favor Lucky Strike for my throat's sake"

"The hardest test I can give a cigarette is to try its effect on my throat after hours of intense rehearsal. I've found that a light smoke meets this test. And so, although I'm not a constant smoker, I favor Lucky Strike for the sake of my throat. And, incidentally, so does my wife. When we go back to Europe we never forget to take along a good supply of Luckies."

Lauritz Melchior

FAMOUS WAGNERIAN TENOR OF METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Mr. Melchior verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen, and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat!

THE FINEST TOBACCO
"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

CAMAY
ANNOUNCES
THE PRINCIPAL
WINNERS
IN ITS 1936
$1,000-A-YEAR-
FOR-LIFE CONTEST!

FIRST PRIZE

5 PRIZES OF $1,000 CASH

1,000 PRIZE WINNERS
of $10 cash each

LOSE WEIGHT
Without Drugs or Laxative Salts

The DIETENE WAY

DIETENE

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

I BOUGHT A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF SECURITY FOR A FEW CENTS!

Don't wait too long!

Keep your SKIN'S DEFENSES strong and active now

with this COMPLETE CREAM

patterned on natural skin oils!

INGRAM'S

MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

Amolin

DEODORIZES SANITARY PADS

I THINK I'M CATCHING... AH CHOO!

HOW ENO HELPS YOU TO FEEL FIT FASTER

YOU'LL LIKE ENO

Proxy Princess

by Clinton Lowndes

A Young Man With a Very Determined Set to His Mouth Mounted the Car Steps. "Who's in charge of this car?" He Asked Peremptorily.

(Continued from Page 24)

her to getting. It was no longer a question of her.

"Those times Eunice Vernon explained to Corinne in detail as they sat, at weekend in the private car, Junior had already procured the wrong papers for New York as well as the Buffalo journals, and splayed delightedly the front-page headlines which Anna Lee unexpected hour had evoke. There was genuine news in the decision of this mysterious celebrity to cast aside her veil of query and let her millions of lovers get a glimpse of her.

"It's going to be case of hare-and-hounds all the way across the country, I'm promise you that," said Eunice with a chuckle. "But you needn't be. You'll get used to it as you'll find it fun. The only thing is to be able to get any exercise—I'll have to do some dodging—I'll have to go around in a disguise—something like the get-up you saw Miss Lind wearing the other day. Have you ever en Niagara Falls?"

"No," laughed Corinne, "I never even had a proposal."

"Well, I'll take you out in it Falls this morning. There's a reason for you to stay cooped up in the car all day. I'll dig up a pair of steel-rimmed glasses and do your hair up in a knot on the top of your head, and have you moving more like a snake-up of Zasu Pitts than Anna Lind. Then we'll adventure forth and observe the wonders of nature."

They left Miss Stratford at the car to take care of matters that might arise. Zip Carter, early on hand with the air of a man who had tremendous things to irk him, said he supposed it would be all right for them to step out, but they must bear in mind that they had to be back in time to be at the theatre at four.

That was the hour scheduled for the first personal appearance of Anna Lind on any stage anywhere. There must be no slip-up at the last minute.

"Believe it or not," said Zip concernedly, "there's a crowd gathered at the stage door already waiting to see Anna Lind. You'd think it was the World's Series. The reporters started after our publicity stunt at an early hour this morning, trying to make them tell where you was stopping. It's got so, our press agents themselves have to dodge newspaper men—can you tie that?"

"There ain't no justice," said Eunice Vernon. "People who want publicity can't get in a newspaper with two jemmies and a sitzbum, and people who don't want it have it crammed down their throats. Why, the average star would balance on one ear on an iceberg, in her step-ins, to get her picture in the paper."

"That's life, and also showbusiness," grumbled Carter. "The point I'm impressing on you now is, you don't want to stare off and get in a jam, maybe, and be late for the theatre. We'll have an escort of motorcycle cops to precede the Anna Lind limousine—sirens drawn and everything, you know—and the cops will be lined up, two deep, at the stage door to make way for the grand entrance. Then you scoop in with an Anna Lind strut, you understand, Miss Travis, and that's all there is to that. Be back here in the car not later than twothirty to dress for the theatre."

Corinne, as quaintly imagined that she laughed when she surveyed herself in a mirror went forth in high spirits for her morning of freedom with Eunice.

Sightseeing trains and other more assumed tourists gave her prying glances as she appraised the majesty of the Falls. A girl that homely, who had no more taste in fixing herself up, might as well accept that circumstance is river below the cataracts hallowed by the perpetual honeymoon of the Falls, her clothing limp from the spray in spite of her raincoat, Corinne was declared in spirit vaguely appreciative of danger as they stood at the rail of the little vessel.

Suddenly she gasped and clutched hard at Eunice's arm.

"That man again!" she exclaimed in a frightened whisper.

"What man—where?"

"The hawk-faced man—the one who followed me! Up forward there, in the gray topcoat—standing by the lifeboat. Don't look, yet. Don't let him know we see him."

Her hand trembled on Eunice's arm, but Eunice with a short laugh reassured her. "It's all right, kid, don't let it worry you. You may be mistaken, but there's nothing to be alarmed about, even if you're not. We'll be used to taking people follow us before we're through with this trip."

Eunice turned, casually, a minute later to look at the man. He was gazing out unconcernedly over the water, and she had a chance to study him. There was no doubt that he fitted Corinne's description of the man who had followed her.

"But I don't see how it's possible," conjectured Eunice. "I could swear nobody trailed us from the car this morning. Nobody knows where the car is—not even the publicity men. And how could this bird, if he's really shadowing you—"

"I don't know," said Corinne nervously. "But he's the same man. There's no question about it."

"Well, don't worry. We'll lose him. I'll tell you what we'll do. When we get back to our taxicab we'll tell the driver to drive like blazes for Buffalo. On the way, we'll change clothes, more or less. It's an old trick Miss Lind and I used to fall back on. I'll trade hats and coats with you. I'll screw my hair up in a knot on the top of my head and borrow your glasses and that dinky umbrella you're carrying. Then I'll let you drop me at a hotel in Buffalo, and you lose it back in the car. If this chap is really following you, and really knows who you are, he'll trail me instead."

They were followed back to Buffalo—they were positive of that. Another taxicab loafed along at a reckless clip, always in sight behind them.

Corinne was able to laugh again when she traded garments with Eunice.

"It's a great life if you can stand the pace," she chuckled. "I'm having all the sensations of a hotly pursued criminal lady, and I haven't done a thing—except to take money under false pretenses."

When the car stopped at the hotel in Buffalo and the doorman helped Eunice out, Corinne peeped out of the back window and observed the pursuing taxicab as it drew up at the curb half a block away. It waited, and then, as the altered Eunice crossed the sidewalk to the hotel entrance, Corinne saw her solicitous friend, the hawk-nosed man, leave his cab suddenly without stopping to pay his fare, and hurry toward the hotel himself. He had taken the bait.

Corinne laughed aloud as her taxicab fled the scene. This game of matching wits with sleuths wasn't so bad, after all.

Her cab hastened to the out-of-the-way section where the private car was parked.

At the nearest point of approach to it from the street, she found Zip Carter waiting, an uneasy scowl on his face.

"Thank heaven you're a little ahead of time," he exclaimed. "The newspapers got a tip, and gave us away. There's been a mob around the car. We've had to switch it down to the other end of town. Where's Eunice?"

"It's a long story," said Corinne breathlessly.

"Then tell me as we ride," snapped Carter.

On the way to the theatre, Corinne's story took so much time that she quite forgot to worry about how her first audience would receive her. Once there, her preparations were so rushed that she was on the stage before she realized it.

The audience in the dim theatre seemed like a gigantic orchestra to Corinne, and she, a small frightened creature caught in the center of that glaring spot which was the stage, was the only one privileged to attend the strange concert.

Somehow she seemed to be leading this orchestra, too. As if upon her signal, it had burst into a mighty fortissimo of sound the moment she first stepped out from the proscenium arch. And when she paused in the center of the stage to smile, her orchestra ceased its terrific cacophony as though a conductor had clipped it short with his baton.

There followed a breathless silence. Not one in that vast throng was disposed to rattle a program or clear his throat when there was a chance of hearing, at last, the actual voice of the glamourous, mysterious Anna Lind—herself.

Then stage-fright really struck Corinne. would they sense the deception, once she had actually spoken?

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

DID SHE SAY WAXED PAPER?
NO... SHE SAID CUT-RITE!
With Cut-Rite you cut the right length for every purpose—no waste! It's stand-up kind—to keep foods fresher. Full length rolls—full value! Is it any wonder it's America's favorite selling waxed paper? Cut-Rite costs little—saves much.
© B. F. Drakenfeld Co., Hanover, N. J.
your grocer
Ask for Waxed paper by its first name
CUT-RITE
CUT-RITE KEEPS FOOD FRESHER

IT'S SWELL TO FEEL SWELL!

For Wholesome Smoking, Demand FRESH Cigarettes!

Less "crotchety" . . . They dubbed me "hard-boiled" in the store. I was always on edge. The change from a strong cigarette to blend and fresh Old Golds helped me a lot.
Ida Mae Cone (salesgirl), Kansas City, Mo.

I'm hot for a cool smoke . . . I stoke a blast furnace seven hours a day and I like to cool off with a cool smoke. The freshness of Old Golds makes 'em cool. That weather-proof package is the berries.
Raymond J. Stock (mill-worker), Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOU CAN'T BUY A STALE OLD GOLD

WHEN they're stale, the finest tobaccos in the world neither taste good . . . nor *are* good for you.

But that's nothing to worry about! For the cigarettes that contain the world's *prize crop* tobaccos are Double-Mellow Old Golds. And you can't buy a stale Old Gold!

That's because there's an EXTRA jacket of Cellophane on every package of Old Golds. *Two* jackets of finest moisture-proof Cellophane, instead of one, protect Old Golds from dampness, dryness, dust, and every other foe of cigarette enjoyment.

Thus, Old Gold's *prize crop* tobaccos are always in perfect smoking condition. Fresh and sweet-burning, they never develop those harsh, irritating qualities which characterize even slightly stale cigarettes.

After a long smoking day, Double-Mellow Old Golds leave your tongue free from bite, your throat free from scratch, and yourself free from "nerves."

You'll never go stale on fresh Old Golds!

P. LORILLARD COMPANY, Inc.
(Established 1760)

IT'S THE EXTRA JACKET!

Every pack of Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS is wrapped in TWO jackets—double Cellophane. That extra jacket keeps OLD GOLD in prime condition in any climate. You can't buy a stale OLD GOLD.

Eases high tension . . . A newspaper woman often smokes a lot to ease the nervous tension. But it doesn't always work, if the tobacco isn't fresh. That's where your double Cellophane package helps; it keeps O. Gs fresh as today's headlines, gentle to the nerves.
Metta Bettels (society reporter), Bridgeport, Conn.

★ You Still Have Time to Win That $100,000.00 First Prize! ★

Enter OLD GOLD'S $200,000.00 Contest Now. Postcard brings Entry Blank and all Puzzles to date. Address: Old Gold Contest, P.O. Box 9, Varick St. Sta., New York, N.Y.

Teaching Pet Birds to Fly

WITH its sole objective being to teach pet birds how to fly, one of the most unusual of all schools of instructions is now being constructed near Thames Dutton, England, by the British Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Far from being an odd whim of bird lovers, the school has a very practical reason and has become almost a necessity as an outgrowth of the hobby of keeping wild birds as pets.

When an Englishman says "I'm planning to send my pet bird to flying school this Summer," he probably is neither joking nor giving an example of his air-mindedness but, on the contrary is preparing to return his bird to its natural wild life.

Keeping wild birds as pets is not only permitted by law in England but has become very popular. However, when the owners after taking care of their pets in cages decide, for any reason or another, that the birds should be given their freedom, they often find that their pets can no longer fly. Many birds that have been brought up in captivity never know how to fly while others, captured when young, have forgotten. As a result, when freed they experience difficulty in escaping from danger and fall easy prey to cats and other animals. In other cases they starve to death, as a wild bird reared in captivity has a hard job to hunt for its own food.

During the past year the R. S. P. C. A. has had to dispose of nearly 200 of these wild birds which have been placed in their charge principally because they have been freed by their owners.

The new school is expected to overcome this problem. Two large open-air cages are being built, each more than seventy feet high. Trees and shrubs will grow inside them just as in the open country. Heated bird houses will be provided for cold weather, as well as a bird hospital.

Birds that have forgotten how to fly or to gather food will be turned loose in these cages and allowed to train themselves by practice until they are able to take care of themselves.

Human experts on birds will head the faculty of the unusual flying school but a few tame, already skilful flyers will be kept inside the cages as practical instructors so that their example will encourage the feebler students. An observation room will enable the birds to be watched without being disturbed and is expected to be a desirable vantage point for students.

It is expected that the old flying school will be well equipped, for in addition to the school itself there will be a bird hospital and special accommodations for owners to board their pets during holidays and vacations.

With the school as a starting point, bird lovers believe that it will ultimately become a fascinating sport in which to study bird life. Different types of training for birds may also be carried on, such as teaching canaries to sing to the example method of having accomplished "guest stars" canaries warble for them. Parrots might be taught to become better talkers and the pet crows taught many tricks.

It is doubtful however whether anything could be done about making the shameless cuckoo mend her ways. She lays her egg on the ground and then, when nobody is looking, flops it into another bird's nest, for as the world like an unmotherly mother, leaving her baby on a stranger's doorstep.

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Ham Is Economical and Delicious

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

TO the economical and resourceful housekeeper, ham is one of the most thrifty of all meat buys. In the first place, its smoked and cured condition makes keeping and storing it less of a problem. A whole ham may be purchased at the lowest price, and then cut or sliced as desired, none to be used at once, but a considerable remainder to be laid away for later use.

Wrap this left-over portion in waxed or parchment paper, and lay away in the more regions of the refrigerator, and in a week or over longer it may appear again as a new meal. The economy angle is very important, because the price per slice out of a whole ham is just about half the price of the same slice, if sliced off separately by the butcher.

The average weight of a good smoked ham is around 10 to 12 pounds, with an 11-pounder an ideal size. This may be left whole, bone removed, and tied ready for boiling or baking.

Or this entire section may be cut in half after tying, suitable for a smaller family. Or again, the pear-shaped ham may be cut into three portions—the choice center slices reserved for frying, baking or broiling; the butt end for boiling, and the shank for flavoring soups and for made or minced dishes. Last, the entire ham, rind and all, may be used for boiling or baking whole in the grand manner.

To the last drop or ounce of fat, and to the last sliver of meat, ham can be utilized. Grandmothers in all ages well knew the value of the "ham bone"—as its succulent flavor when added to greens to cook or to dried beans is well known to vegetables. So, too, should one modern daughter appreciate the flavor-giving qualities of even a single ham shank, or the bone, cracked open, as soup ingredients.

Much of the pleasure in eating ham is added depth to the manner and thickness of slicing it. Sliced 1-inch thick, we have a ham steak, ideal for oven broiling or baking. This simple cooking method will greatly appreciate the flavor-giving qualities of even a simple ham shank, or the bone, cracked open, as soup ingredients.

Like the beefsteak, this ham-steak is excellent for use with mushrooms, with a border of grilled sweet potatoes, or an encircling garland of mashed potatoes, needles or hot boiled rice.

But sliced very thin, as thin as the proverbial "paper" or "wafer" thinness, we have ham in its epicurean form, delicate enough for the invalid's tray or the finicky appetite.

Here the very thin slice should be stretched to a short period of time—not its succulent flavor when added to greens to cook or to dried beans as well as vegetables. So, too, should one modern daughter appreciate the flavor-giving qualities of even a simple ham shank, or the bone, cracked open, as soup ingredients.

Each of these ways of using ham is described in detail in the recipes for Ham Blankets. That is, the thin form permits stuffing and filling ham "rolls" and turnovers, etc. Eggs Benedict is a group recipe of ham, eggs, bread and sauce, which is seldom regarded for dinner sophistication.

Certain fruits and accessories seem simply made to go with ham—real "naturals" to complement its deliciousness. Those include raisins, pineapple, oranges among the fruits; sweet potatoes, green peppers, cabbage, spinach, onions and corn among the vegetables; with cider, grapejuice, vinegar and rum among the liquids which are so inseparable from flavorful ham cooking.

Housewives who for the first time try such tricks as baking orange slices on ham, or using raisins in a ham stuffing, or basting the regal whole ham with cider or rum, will wake to a genuine taste treat. Curry and other unusual spices are also linked to ham, as witness the special type of cured ham, famous in Virginia and the South.

If a whole or large section of ham be boiled, then, after removing the meat, allow the liquid to become cold so that the ham fat will rise to the top and solidify. It then may be removed, and the clear liquid used as part cooking water for ham, sweet potatoes, onion, etc. Poured into glass jars and set in the refrigerator, such liquid will keep for a month, always ready for flavoring string-beans, cabbage, etc.

To even mention the titles of recipes made with minced cooked ham would take the space of an entire library shelf. Such minced ham is an every-meal filling for stuffed peppers, omelettes, croquettes, casserole dishes, etc.

One excellent idea is, after boiling or cooking a large section, to mince all the small left-over bits and run them through the meat-grinder, and pack the into glass jars, using a little ham fat or neutral oil. This is then a quick basis for all made dishes, sandwiches, spreads and fillings.

Charlie's Fried Oysters: Minced cooked ham; large frying oysters, egg and crumb mixture. Ham must be minced very fine, and oysters well dried. Roll oysters in ham, then in egg, then in crumbs. Fry 2 to 4 minutes in deep fat hot at 375 degrees. (Finely pulverized soda-crackers are excellent.)

Eggs Benedict: English muffins; thin rounds of cold boiled ham; poached eggs; Hollandaise sauce. Everything about this famous dish must be kept very hot. Split, toast and butter muffins; meantime have the ham slices delicately sauted, and the eggs poaching separately. Place ham slices on muffin halves, and immediately cover each with a poached egg. Arrange on very hot platter, and pour over Hollandaise sauce, slightly thinned with cream to pouring consistency. Garnish with parsley, and pass currant jelly.

Ham Blanket Rolls: 6 or more thin slices smoked or boiled ham; 1-inch thick; prepared mustard; 6 canned pineapple strips or wedges, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind blended with 2 tablespoons brown sugar. Arrange ham on shallow baking-platter. Spread slice with mustard. Arrange pineapple wedges diagonally on top of slice. Sprinkle with blended sugar and orange rind. Pour in mixed juices. Bake covered, 1½ hours, in a hot oven, or about 375 degrees, uncovering last 20 minutes to brown. Serve with mounds of hot boiled rice around platter. Additional pineapple syrup may be made and passed separately to pour over rice. Sprinkle rice lightly with minced parsley. Serves 6.

Baked Ham Slice with Mushrooms: 1 slice smoked ham, 1-inch thick; 2 cups diluted evaporated milk; 2 cups mushrooms, celery salt, boiled narrow noodles. Arrange ham on shallow baking-platter. Cover with mushrooms and pour over milk seasoned with celery. Bake covered, 1½ hours, in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees, uncovering last 20 minutes to brown. Serve with border of hot drained noodles. Serves 6.

Georgia Gumbo: 1 ham bone; 3 onions, minced; 8 peppercorns, ½ bay leaf, 1 pound dried lima beans, 2 quarts water. Combine and cook slowly about 2 hours until beans are tender. Reserve 1½ cups whole beans. Skim remaining stock, and force through a puree strainer. To this add 1 cup finely-minced carrot, ½ cup minced green pepper and 2 cups tomato juice. Simmer ½ hour, then add whole cooked beans and the ham adhering to the bone, finely minced. Season, and serve with toasted or fried bread cubes. A complete meal soup. Beans should be soaked overnight previous to cooking.

Casserole of Ham with Needles and Mushrooms: 2 cups cooked ham, diced; 2 cups cooked bread noodles, 2 cups medium white sauce, ¾ cup mushrooms sauted in butter, 1 tablespoon minced pimiento, salt, pepper, ¼ cup buttered cracker crumbs. In greased casserole arrange alternate layers of ham, noodles, white sauce, mushrooms and pimiento. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven, at 350 degrees. Serves 6.

Spiced Baked Ham Slice: 1 2-inch-thick slice smoked ham; ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 12 to 16 whole cloves. Slash fat edge of ham at 1-inch intervals. Place on baking platter, and bake at 400 degrees, until lightly brown around edge. Mix sugar, vinegar and mustard to paste and spread over ham. Stick cloves all around edge. Cover pan, and return to oven, baking 1½ hours at 300 degrees. Garnish with baked small red cinnamon apples and grilled or fried sweets. Serves 6.

Madras Hot Pot: 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups stock or hot water with bouillon cube, 1 cup diced cooked ham, 6 green olives, chopped, ¼ teaspoon powdered curry, 1 cup canned nibbets corn; butter; paprika. Make a sauce of butter, flour and stock. When smooth and well blended, add ham, olives and curry. Pour into a greased casserole, and cover with the corn. Dot with butter, and sprinkle with paprika. Bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven, or at 400 degrees, until brown. Serves 6.

Ham and Cheese Puffs: 2 cups hot mashed potatoes, 3 well-beaten egg yolks, 1 cup finely-minced cooked ham, 1 cup grated American cheese, salt, paprika. Combine ingredients and shape into small cones or balls. Egg and crumb. Fry 3 to 5 minutes in deep fat held at 375 degrees. Drain. Serves 6.

Baked Ham with Rum Sauce: 1 medium-size smoked ham; 6 slices canned pineapple, 2 oranges, sliced, 1 cup light brown sugar, 2 cups water, 1½ cups rum, whole cloves. Parboil ham until not quite tender. Skin carefully. Place in pan and rub with brown sugar. Arrange pineapple and orange slices alternately on top, pricking in whole cloves to make design between slices. Combine water and rum and pour over ham. Bake 1 hour in a slow oven, basting frequently. Drain and thicken liquid and serve as sauce.

Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold Digger"

(Continued from Page 18)

without any spirit and sing badly. The greater the crowd the better. The hotel folk would be a sort of substitute for a theatrical audience, and I had no nervousness at the thought of appearing before them.

When the time came I prepared my little act and gave a castanet dance to the piano accompaniment of the manager's wife. It was a great success and the manager was enchanted. He decided to introduce me in a dance-and-song "number" in the operetta, "La Gran Via" ("The Great Road"), which was long played at the Avenida.

For a fortnight I rehearsed with the manager and his wife to get my number perfect. When they left the hotel for their own flat they took me with them. I slept on a small sofa-bed in their room, a screen swung round me. The manager settled my hotel bill, telling me that it would be deducted from my first month's salary.

As the day fixed for my debut drew nearer I grew more and more joyful and excited, counting the hours that must pass before I had my heart's desire. It was to be no tenth-rate cafe this time, but a real theatre, with brilliant lights and all the stage glamour I had always adored.

At last the wonderful day arrived. My "number" was a dazzling success, and flowers were thrown to me from the boxes. As you can imagine, I was radiant. The young dancer who made her curtsey and smiled her thanks was half bewildered, half intoxicated by her triumph.

After my brilliant start I went on living at my director's flat and going every night to the theatre where I made a fresh success at each performance. They even decided to give me the part of the chulo in the operetta. A chulo is roughly the same as an apache. They made me a charming, frilly costume, which suited me, and I played the rule with immense eclat. The manager was overjoyed. Never had he made such profits. In the afternoons I went for walks and in the town, amusing myself by looking into the shop windows. I selected all the things I saw, and if I had had my way I should have bought them all.

One day I found myself gazing in at a jeweler's window. Jewels had a great fascination for me. I looked at them as smugly as a street urchin looks at the cakes in a confectioner's window. But where others desired a cream puff I wanted a diamond necklace. At any rate, looking at it cost me nothing.

Suddenly a voice beside me made me jump.

"What are you looking at, Bailarita?" You seem deeply interested."

"What's that to do with you?" I rather rudely answered.

My questioner was a man of perhaps forty. He had a kindly face and wore gold-rimmed eyeglasses that seemed to look at me benevolently. He laughed at my snub and answered it disarmingly.

"I only asked what you were looking at as earnestly because it would give me the greatest pleasure to make you a present of it."

I was on the point of sending him about his business when he went on speaking.

"Forgive me, Bailarita, for coming up to you like this, but I have seen you a good many times now, and you have bewitched me till I had to speak to you at last. I heard you sing the other day at the Avenida, and I nearly slipped the boxes down. Do let me congratulate you now."

From the moment he mentioned my beloved theatre I felt differently toward this gentleman with the gold-rimmed eyeglasses. He had probably guessed that to be the safest way of approach and very rightly. I allowed him to continue to look in the jeweler's window by my side, and again he asked me what I would like to have. I pointed out a lovely parure, a set of matched pieces of jewelry.

"Well," I said, "if I were buying anything for myself I should choose that."

I said it without any afterthought. It was made up of a necklace tiara, ring, bracelet and corsage, all in diamonds, and was the most beautiful set in the window. Without hesitation the man in the gold-rimmed eyeglasses took me into the shop, where everyone treated me as an important customer. He asked to see the wonderful parure and then asked me to do him the honor of accepting it.

I was nonplussed. What! A present like this for me? I could hardly believe my ears.

We went out of the shop together, I carrying my precious parcel with the greatest care. What was he saying? That if I would leave Mr. Beattie I need never do any more work, for he would give me everything I wanted and take every care of me. I listened, rather taken aback, but finally understanding, for he spoke Portuguese. Some words quite escaped me. I made out at last that he was urging me at any rate to leave him the next day. I promised I would; then I rushed home with my treasure, hiding it instinctively in a great coat in private and taking care to see not one trace of the adventure to my manager.

The next day I went back to the jeweler and asked if he spoke Spanish. He produced a Spanish assistant who acted as interpreter. I learned that the man in the gold-rimmed eyeglasses was Senhor X, the richest banker in Lisbon, and that his present to me was a gift worthy of a prince.

Quite satisfied I proceeded to the rendezvous. There was Senhor X, who appeared overjoyed to see me and said many charming and flattering things. He was full of considerations for my wishes and intentions and I listened with pleasure. I let him put me into a carriage and drive me to the house of a woman who had furnished suites to let. She was a great stout creature with an obsequious manner, and she seemed to know the banker very well and to be entirely at his beck and call. He advised me to let me have a little flat, and to set me comfortably in it.

She was all effusiveness at once.

"What a pretty little darling!" she exclaimed. "You can count on me, Senhor; she shall be well installed and well looked after."

The flat was small, but dainty and well furnished. I was inclined at the idea of being in it. I could give me the greatest pleasure to make you a present of it."

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I was on the point of sending him about his business when he went on speaking.

"Look upon this as your own home, and whatever you want you have only to ask me for it."

It all seemed a happy dream. The only cloud was X's wish that I should leave the stage.

"I've signed my contract," I told him. "I must finish my engagement."

"My dear child," he urged, "Your contract is waste paper. You are not of an age to make a binding agreement."

About the question of leaving the theatre X was inexorable. All I could gain from him was permission to finish the current week. That very evening he sent his secretary to the manager and had my contract canceled, to the poor man's helpless fury.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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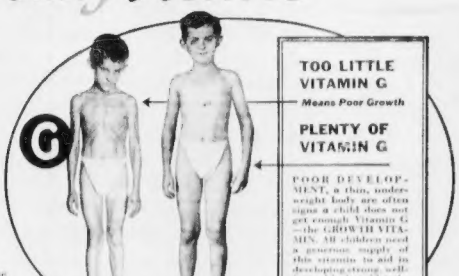
Meals That Fall Short Of Vitamins Served In Many Homes

You Don't Realize Whether Your Vitamin Supply is Short Until Poor Health Shows It. But, by Adding ONE FOOD to Your Diet EVERY DAY, You Can Make Sure of a Regular EXTRA Supply of These 4 Vitamins



POOR DEVELOPMENT, a thin, underweight body are often signs a child does not get enough Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. All children need a generous supply of this vitamin to aid in developing strong, well-formed bodies. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

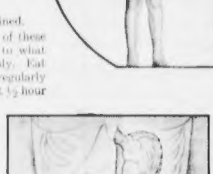
THESE 4 vitamins, A, B, D and G, are needed daily for the best health of vital parts of your body.

Yet—many people are victims of poor health because their meals do not furnish *enough* of these essential food elements.

The addition of just *one food* to your ordinary diet assures you a SPECIAL extra supply of these 4 vitamins daily.

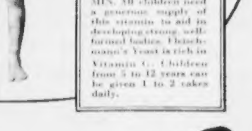
That one food is FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST. No other one natural food provides such a rich supply of *all* 4 of these vitamins combined.

Give yourself the benefit of these extra vitamins in addition to what your ordinary meals supply. Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly—3 cakes a day, a cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. Begin today! It's a good plan to order two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast will keep perfectly in your icebox.



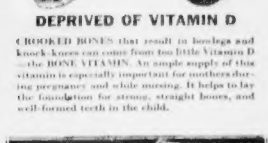
A SAGGING stomach (see picture at left), poor digestion and intestinal disorders can come from a shortage of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN.

A STRONG stomach (see above), healthy bowels and intestines and steady nerves need an ample daily supply of Vitamin B. Fleischmann's Yeast added to your regular diet helps to increase your supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest natural foods in this essential NERVE VITAMIN.



DEPRIVED OF VITAMIN D

CROOKED BONES that result in bowlegs and knock-knees can come from too little Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN. An ample supply of this vitamin is especially important for mothers during pregnancy and while nursing. It helps to lay the foundation for strong, straight bones, and well-formed teeth in the child.



NOT ENOUGH VITAMIN A

INCREASED SUSCEPTIBILITY TO COLDS, a weakened condition of nose and throat membranes and lowered general resistance, can come from a shortage of Vitamin A. Let Fleischmann's Yeast help to keep you better supplied with this necessary vitamin.

LUCYLE ROBERTS—famous woman Rodeo Bronco Rider—has the glowing health, vitality and stamina that show she is well supplied with these 4 health-building vitamins.

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A FAMOUS CHEF'S Secret

HANDED DOWN THROUGH

THREE GENERATIONS

OF HOUSEWIVES

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE KITCHEN BOUQUET to bring out the full *natural* flavors of gravies, stews, soups and vegetables."

SPECIAL OFFER

KITCHEN BOUQUET

Kitchen Bouquet

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

A Breakfast Menu Guide

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

MANY women find a basic pattern or guide very helpful in planning breakfast menus. Breakfast should be a nourishing event in the day's schedule and should be as carefully planned and served as the more elaborate and filling meals. "Hurrying or rushing" should be the first rule for that meal. Any athlete knows that a strenuous morning program includes an adequate breakfast. An automobile needs gasoline. The human body needs the fuel provided by a well-planned breakfast.

A simple breakfast pattern for the average person would include a glass of orange juice, a glass of milk, a soft-cooked egg and 2 slices of buttered toast. Add to this according to the needs of the individual. Cereals and cream; bacon, fresh or cooked fruits, jelly, marmalade; honey, breads, etc., may be included, especially if there are growing children or young people in the family as it gain in weight is important.

Citrus fruits have great value and should be included in at least one meal of the day, preferably breakfast. Vitamin C is not stored in the body and must be taken daily. Citrus fruit juices are fine sources of this vitamin which every person should have to keep the teeth and gums in good condition. Citrus fruits also provide minerals for body-building and regulating, fruit sugars for quick energy and fruit acids for stimulating the appetite and digestive processes.

Sour Cream Waffles.

TO 2 well-beaten egg yolks add 2 cups sour cream, 2 cups sifted flour sifted again with 1 tablespoon cornmeal, 1 teaspoon soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake on hot waffle iron; serve at once.

Lemon Biscuits.

MIX and sift 3 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda and 4 teaspoons baking-powder. Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Work in 6 tablespoons shortening. Add 1 cup milk mixed with ½ cup lemon juice. Mix lightly, turn out on floured board, pat and roll out. Shape with small biscuit cutter. Brush with melted butter. Bake in a quick oven, at 400 or 450 degrees, 10 to 12 minutes.

Orange Pancakes.

BEAT 3 eggs and 2 tablespoons of sugar until very light. Add 2 cups milk alternately with 2 cups flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt. Mix well and add the grated rind of 1 orange. Cook in slightly-greased pan until delicately browned on both sides. Spread with butter or with butter creamed with powdered sugar and flavored with a little orange juice. Roll up and garnish with sliced oranges. Serve immediately.

Orange Muffins.

MIX and sift 2 cups sifted flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Cream ¼ cup butter, add ½ cup sugar and blend well. Add 1 beaten egg yolk. Reserving 2 tablespoons of the flour mixture, add remainder to butter mixture, alternately with ½ cup milk. Add ½ cup orange juice mixed with ½ teaspoon soda. Then add the 2 tablespoons of flour mixture and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Bake in greased muffin pans in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 15 to 25 minutes.

Raw Potato Pancakes.

WASH and pare raw potatoes. Grate 2 cups potato into cold water to keep from discoloring. Drain well and add 1 well-beaten egg, 2 tablespoons flour and sufficient milk to make a stiff batter. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a few drops onion juice. Cook in frying pan containing hot lard about ½ inch deep. Cook until well browned and crisp.

Stewed Prunes.

WASH 1 pound prunes. Soak overnight in cold water to cover—about 3 cups. Then add a piece of orange rind, if desired, and bring slowly to boiling point. Cover, simmer gently 2 hours. About ½ hour before removing from heat add ½ cup sugar (more or less as desired). Or, after boiling point is reached, place prunes in top of double-boiler and cook 3 hours.

Pioneer Mush.

ADD ½ tablespoon salt to 1 quart boiling water. Gradually add ¾ cup home-ground cornmeal, stirring constantly. Boil 15 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent lumping. Then cook 45 minutes in top of double-boiler over hot water. Serve with scraped maple sugar and cream.

Poached Eggs with Soft Toast.

SCALD milk in flat dish. Add salt to taste. Break eggs one-at-a-time, into a saucer. Slip into the milk and cook below the boiling point until sufficiently poached. Have ready hot buttered toast. Place the eggs on the toast. Pour the hot milk over the toast and serve immediately.

Scrambled Eggs with Bacon.

CHOP 3 or 4 slices of bacon and fry gently until crisp. Add to 6 eggs mixed with ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Heat 1 tablespoon bacon fat in pan, turn the egg mixture into the pan and place over a slow heat to cook, scraping up as it solidifies. When all is delicately creamy, turn out on hot platter or toast and serve immediately.

Potato Biscuits.

TO 1 cup hot mashed potatoes add ½ cup butter, ½ cup sugar and 1 beaten egg. Beat 1 pint milk and cool to lukewarm. Add the cooled milk and 1 pint sifted flour to the potato mixture. Heat well. Soften 1 yeast cake in ½ cup of the batter. Combine mixtures. Cover and let rise in warm place about ½ hour. Add 3 pints sifted flour and knead about five minutes. Turn into a buttered bowl, cover with a clean towel and let rise until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Turn out on lightly-floured board, pat and roll about ½-inch thick. Shape with a biscuit cutter. Brush tops with butter and fold as Parker House rolls. Place in a greased pan, brush tops with slightly-beaten egg yolk or whites, and sprinkle with poppy seeds, if desired. Let rise about 2 hours or until double in bulk. Bake in a quick oven, at about 450 degrees, 25 or 30 minutes. Serve immediately.

Flannel Cakes.

RUB 1 tablespoon butter into 2 cups flour, sifted with a teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking-powder. Beat 2 egg yolks until light and add 2 cups milk to them and mix well. Add to flour mixture, stirring just enough to make smooth. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake on a hot greased griddle. Serve immediately.

Orange Surprise
(For Underweight Children).

BEAT 1 egg yolk until light, adding the juice of 2 oranges, 1 teaspoon honey and a pinch of salt. Serve immediately.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***
Prunes with Orange Juice. Whole Grain Cereal. Soft-Cooked Eggs. Apple Muffins. Milk or Coffee.	Pineapple. Cereal. Toasted Cheese Bread. Marmalade. Coffee.	Sliced Pineapple. Cereal. French Toast. Maple Syrup. Coffee.	Stewed Prunes. Cereal. Soft-Cooked Eggs. Toasted French Bread. Coffee.	Grapefruit. Cereal. Codfish Cakes. Baking-Powder Biscuits. Coffee.	Tomato Juice. Cereal with Raisins. Soft-Cooked Eggs. Melba Toast. Coffee.	Stewed Apricots. Cereal. Soft-Cooked Eggs. Toasted Cheese Bread. Toasted Raisin Bread. Coffee.
Luncheon	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Dinner***
Stuffed Choice Potatoes. Cheese, Pickle and Pea Salad. Toasted Left-Over Muffins. Fruit Compote. Soft Ginger Cookies. Tea.	Spanish rice with Egg Garnish. Hot Corn Muffins or Orange Almond Muffins. Caramel Pudding.	Vegetable Salad. Cereal Pudding with Dates. Tea.	Old-Fashioned Pork and Beans. Ice-Box Tomato Rolls. Mixed Fruit Salad. Tea with Lemon.	Salmon and Corn. Ten Minute Cabbage. Hot Cross Buns. Waldorf Salad. Hermits. Hot Fruit Punch.	Scrambled Eggs with Bacon. Emergency Vegetable Salad. French Dressing, as Orange and Bermuda Salad. Coffee.	Celery Soup. Croutons. Casserole of Chicken or Duck and Mushrooms. Steamed Rice. Fresh or Canned Tomato Salad. Chives French Dressing. One-Two-Three Dessert. Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Supper***
Pork Chops Baked with Sweet Potatoes. String Beans With or Without a Suggestion of Basil. Pineapple Salad. Salad Dressing. Rich Macaroon Pudding.	Meat Pie with Potatoes, Carrots and Turnips. Fresh or Jellied Tomato Salad. Salad Dressing. Puree. Whip with Custard Sauce. Lace Cookies.	Meat Loaf in Casserole. Creamed Potatoes. Fried Eggplant. Shredded Raw Cauliflower Salad. Tomato and Cheese Dressing. Banana Pancakes with Hot Lemon Sauce.	Roast English Mutton. Gravy. Baked Macaroni. Pickles. Cottage Jelly. Lemon-Orange Beverage. Cream.	Fruit Cocktail. Stuffed Turbans of Flounder. French Fried Potatoes. Green Peas. Emergency Vegetable Salad (Left-Overs). French Dressing. Raspberry Tarts.	Baked Beef Balls. Steamed Spinach. Baked Stuffed Carrots. Celery. Radishes. Sliced Bananas with Lemon Juice. Date Bars.	Cream Soup. Toasted Cheese Sandwiches. Cocoa. Toasted Fruit. Cocoa.

CHEST COLD? RUB WITH THIS STRONGER MEDICATION

Rub with Penetro for Prompt Relief. 15,116,027 Penetro applications have been reported and told since its addition to Penetro of mutton suet base body heat to make this stronger medication to ease congestion and clear tightness. Tonight—rub chest and throat with Penetro for prompt, lasting relief. Feel the relief and promise of tonight and the way Penetro's action continues. Ask more than 20 million Penetro users. Penetro is the same medication you have used with Penetro. 25, 50, 75c and $1.00 at your local drug store. For free booklet write Penetro, Dept. W-8, Memphis, Tennessee.

End UNPLEASANT DIAPER WASHING for 3¢ a day

Dennison BABY PADS

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can make at home a lotion that will restore gray hair evenly, and not only that, but following this simple recipe, the half and half of waste and accumulated dandruff, a small bay, all kinds of dandruff and other conditions of unsightly hair. Any druggist can put this up for you or it compounded at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Bathe scalp night to stimulate. Rub in gray hair, making it soft and glossy and taking away that dandruff. It will not color the hair, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Directions for home-compound for gray hair when it is an unusual and easy to mix and of it is your own home.

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3630—SEE HOW SMARTLY CRISP GEORGIAN RIBBON ACCENTS DRESS UP THIS FROCK THAT ALL OF TEEN AGE WILL LOVE! Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric and 2½ yards 1½-inch ribbon.

Pattern 3632—A LESSON IN CHIC IS THIS LITTLE MISS WITH THE BALLOON, WHO WEARS A CUTE WRAP 'N' BUTTON FROCK. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3545—SLENDER LINES INVITE THE MATRONLY MAKING. THIS PRACTICAL SHIRTWAISTER IS SMART IN COTTON. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3631—THIS CHARMING ENSEMBLE IS A "MUST HAVE" FOR SPRING! FROCK AND JACKET AND OH! SO PATTERN AND BLENDERMESH. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

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NEW 1937 RINSO GIVES 25 TO 50% MORE SUDS

—say women everywhere

MUCH FASTER-ACTING LONGER-LASTING, TOO

NOW AT ALL GROCERS

OH, IT'S SO MUCH RICHER, MUCH CREAMIER... AND IT SOAKS CLOTHES AT LEAST 4 TIMES FASTER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS!
I MUST GET SOME FOR NEXT WASHDAY
WHY, I'VE DISCOVER THAT THE NEW RINSO SOAKS EVEN THE DIRTIEST CLOTHES CLEAN IN ABOUT 10 MINUTES. YET IT'S SAFE AS EVER FOR OVERNIGHT SOAKING
NO WONDER SO MANY WOMEN ARE RAVING ABOUT THE NEW RINSO

NEXT WASHDAY

...AND NOT ONLY DID THE WHITE THINGS COME OUT SNOWY—BUT THE COLORS LOOK BRIGHT AS NEW. AND I'M SURE MY CLOTHES WILL LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER NOW THAT I DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB THEM

Millions of women all over the country know that Rinso gives mother-mellow whites and brights with perfect safety. They know that it gives rich, lasting suds—even in hard water. But now comes the New 1937 Rinso—*better than ever*—to thrill women anew with its much richer and longer-lasting suds. Yes, it's true! Already Rinso has 25 to 50% more sudsing ingredients than before! The package is the same—but what a difference in the suds! You can see it! You can feel it! You can hear it! You can prove it in your own kitchen sink! Get the New Rinso, gives richer suds that stand up much longer. And these lively suds are gentler to hands, too! Don't forget Rinso is the same familiar package—NOW AT ALL GROCERS

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Rinso is recommended by the makers of 16 famous washers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG package. You'll like it for dishes and all cleaning. Easy on the hands. Economical. Pure granulated soap.

IN THE NEW 1937 RINSO, IN THE SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE—NOW AT ALL GROCERS

Rinso THE GRANULATED SOAP

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

Too fat?

TAKE A TIP FROM MARION TALLEY

Eat Ry-Krisp and Reduce

"Any woman can be radiantly slim if she will follow the Hollywood Habit," says Marion Talley. "And she needn't starve, either. How's all those as to it: Eat sensibly, exercise moderately and use Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal. That's what I did and I now weigh 107 pounds and I never felt so gloriously fit in my life."

You'll like Ry-Krisp

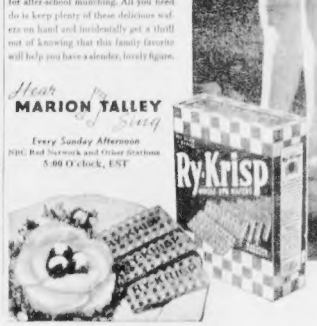
Who can resist the tantalizing flavor of whole rye—especially when it comes to you in crisp-baked, crunchy wafers? And especially when it is appetizing and nourishing—filling but not fattening? No wonder Marion Talley enjoyed introducing the Ry-Krisp way. You'll enjoy it, too. And oh how good you'll feel!

A Family Favorite

When you buy Ry-Krisp, don't expect to keep the rest of the family away from it. Dad will like it with soups, with salads, with his favorite beverage. He'll dive in to the Ry-Krisp box for his midnight snack and Junior will reach for Ry-Krisp for after-school munching. All you need do is keep plenty of these delicious wafers on hand and incidentally get a thrill out of knowing that this family favorite will help you have a slender, lovely figure.

Hear MARION TALLEY Every Sunday Afternoon

NBC Red Network and Other Stations
5:00 O'clock, EST



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again NORGE LEADS

with the new LOW-TEMP

NORGE

ROLLATOR REFRIGERATOR

keeps foods Prime Fresh 2 to 5 times longer!

Imagine keeping Custard 10 days PRIME FRESH
Keeps vegetables garden fresh
THE ROLLATOR* COMPRESSOR ...exclusive Norge cold-making mechanism, has but three slowly moving parts. It employs smooth, easy, rolling power instead of hurried back-and-forth action. Result—more cold for current used.
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ASK FOR DETAILS ABOUT THE NORGE 10-YEAR WARRANTY ON ROLLATOR COMPRESSION UNIT

Now for the First Time . . . . All 3 Requirements for Ideal Food Preservation Combined in This One Great Refrigerator

1 **LOWER TEMPERATURES**
Below 40° Instead of Below 50°

2 **HIGHER HUMIDITY**
A Fresh, Moist Interior Atmosphere

3 **NO INCREASE IN CURRENT COST**
Low-Temp Advantages Cost No More than Ordinary Refrigeration

● Now Norge opens a new era—sets new standards—in food preservation and enjoyment with an entirely new kind of refrigerator—the Norge Low-Temp.

This remarkable refrigerator, by combining *lower* temperatures with *higher* humidity, actually preserves market-fresh *taste* longer than many refrigerators preserve foods against downright spoilage. It overcomes the intermingling of odors. When you open the door of the Norge Low-Temp a fresh, clean, sweet odor tells you instantly that the foods in its spacious interior are PRIME FRESH—*even after days of storage.* In addition to better food preservation, you get much faster freezing of both ice cubes and desserts—and a hitherto unknown smoothness in homemade ice creams.

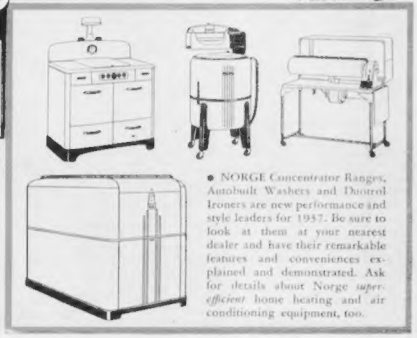
See the Norge Low-Temp today at your nearest dealer. Ask for the Low-Temp Proof Book that shows the remarkable records set in actual competitive tests. If records of actual performance count with you, the Norge Low-Temp will be your next refrigerator.

NORGE DIVISION *Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit, Michigan*

NW-2C

9 NEW *Flexible* INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS

*Accessory shelf available at slight extra cost.



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